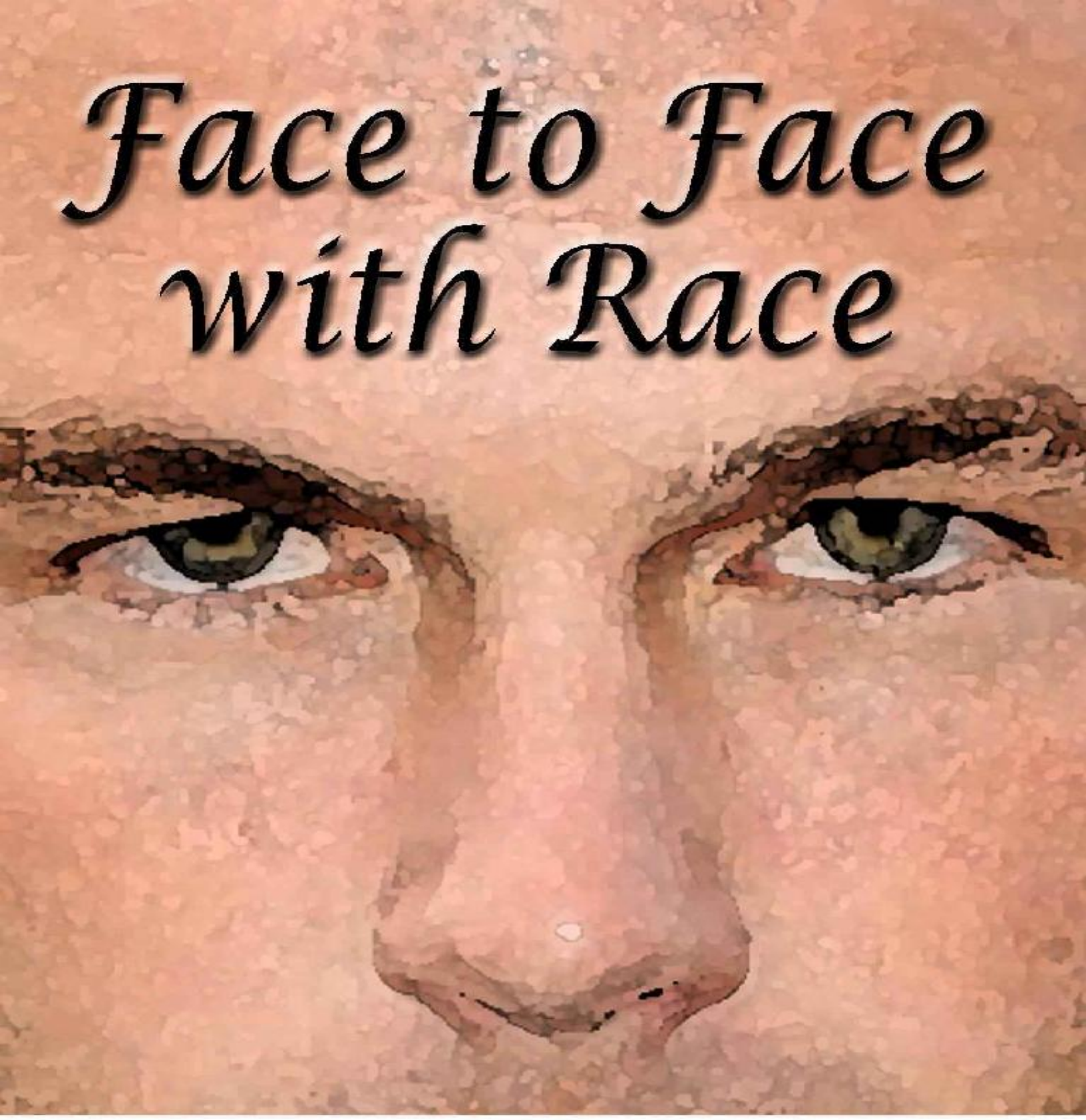
Face to Face with Race



Edited and with an
Introduction by

Jared Taylor

FACE TO FACE WITH RACE

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INTRODUCTION

For more than 25 years I have studied race and race relations—and by the word "studied" I mean that most of what I know I have learned from reading rather than experience. And as a student, I have preferred statistics over stories. I would rather learn that Hispanics are 19 times more likely than whites to be members of youth gangs, or that 72 percent of black children are born out of wedlock, than hear the details of life in the barrio.

And yet, when I read the first-person accounts of race in this collection, I recognize that my perspective is incomplete. Statistics are not reality; they are only a way to try to interpret reality. It is useful to know that the average black IQ is one standard deviation lower than the average white IQ, but what does that *mean*? How do blacks live? How do they see the world? What do they think of whites? Numbers are abstract, whereas reality is felt with all the senses. Only people who have felt that flesh-and-blood reality fully understand race.

In many ways, the races in America are as different as different nationalities. The conventional media give us glimpses of these differences, but they filter their reports through egalitarian assumptions, and smooth off sharp edges for fear of giving offense. Reality is too stark—too painfully at odds with orthodox assumptions—for the *New York Times* or even Fox News to report it faithfully. And because most whites arrange their lives so as to have as little as possible to do with blacks or Hispanics, they have only a sanitized picture of their nation.

The following accounts were written by ordinary Americans who did not learn about race through reading. As one of them writes, "There is no racial education quite so thorough and convincing as spending time with blacks." Most of the authors began with conventional, egalitarian assumptions; reality destroyed those assumptions. These reports are too truthful to have been published in a "mainstream" publication, and they are more powerful and compelling than any of the hundreds of articles about race I have written from an armchair perspective.

Every story is eye-opening, but some stand out. Tracy Abel, the only woman who contributed to this volume, has written a heart-rending account of how she was nearly swallowed up by the cult-like diversity-worshipping

atmosphere of the non-profit organization that exploited her. She shows that people who suffer the most from racial humiliation may cling to their illusions the longest.

Two unforgettable articles were written by prisoners, who live in forced integration of the most intimate and unpleasant kind. Virtually all inmates would bless the day they could move into segregated housing, but they are sacrificed to integrationist ideals hardly anyone practices. Federal judges have forced convicts to live in conditions that border on cruelty, and increasing numbers of non-white guards make prison even more of a nightmare.

Several of these stories cast light on questions other than race. Howard Lacy's prison account describes "administrative segregation," the fancy new term for solitary confinement. Tom Dilberger explains how high levels of ability and camaraderie made it possible for men to piece together steel building frames hundreds of feet in the air—and how affirmative action poisoned his profession. Ray Batz started his career as a fireman before sex- and race-preferences, and saw the damage they did. Daniel Attila's report on what it was like to work as a conductor in the New York City subway in the 1990s is as informative as it is harrowing.

The deeply disturbing America that appears in this book is foreign to many of us. And yet, demographic change is steadily making the foreign familiar. Your children's public schools, dear reader, will more and more resemble the holding pen that stripped Christopher Jackson of his illusions.

There is one article in this collection that is not set in the United States. Gedaliah Braun's first-hand account of South Africa's transition from white to black rule may be a sign of what is in store for us as whites become a minority and other groups set our cultural norms.

The United States is suffering a tragedy of immense proportions. What once was, and could have always been, a shining outpost of Western Civilization has become an asylum for every disparate and competing race and culture—even the most primitive. We still have civil liberties and an advanced economy, but for how much longer?

History tells us that a civilization can be carried forward only by the biological heirs to the people who created it. By replacing the founding stock of Europeans with an Afro-Asiatic-Mestizo mix we are dicing with our future in a way that would have horrified nearly every American whose ideas were formed before the 1960s.

This book is a witness to what has begun to happen to America. If we do nothing, it will also be a vision of what America will become.

Jared Taylor
Oakton, Virginia
August 4, 2014

THE WORKPLACE

1

The Wages of Idealism

A White Woman Who Wanted to Change the World

by Tracy Abel

I grew up in a suburb of white, middle-class families. My schooling, from elementary school through college, was with people who were also overwhelmingly white and middle class. Like so many others, I was reared to think that "all men are created equal" and that people should be judged by the content of their character rather than the color of their skin. Since my ears could hear, I was taught blind faith in color blindness and the virtues of diversity.

My mother is in the medical field and my father worked for the New York City Transit Authority. Both are lifelong Democrats, working people who never had much time to study culture or politics. The only instruction they ever gave me in politics was that the Democratic Party was for the working people and the Republicans were for the rich. My mother taught me never to be judgmental, and to love everyone the same, especially those less fortunate than I. She told me discrimination was wrong and that all people should be treated equally.

I have a bachelor's degree in sociology. Looking back, all my professors were white and very liberal. College was the first place I ever heard race discussed seriously, and the message was constant: diversity was vitally important and whites were guilty. My fellow students had been brought up just as I had been, so my professors had very fresh meat to feast on. I graduated from college the perfect racial liberal.

Like so many white, middle-class girls from the New York City suburbs, I therefore decided to serve the downtrodden. I knew I could never live well on my salary, but the satisfaction and moral superiority I would enjoy over friends in business would be worth the sacrifice. I would venture into the ghettos, much like an urban Jane Goodall, and protect noble souls

from the evils of white privilege and arrogance. I genuinely believed I would be making amends for the terrible acts of my ancestors.

The first job I took as an adult was in the daycare center of a domestic violence shelter on Staten Island, New York. It was part of a network of organizations run by a large charity called Safe Horizon.

This was my first real encounter with blacks and Hispanics. My supervisors were black and Hispanic, the clients were black and Hispanic (I never saw a white woman come in), and I was one of the only white faces in the neighborhood. I felt as though I had to prove to these women and teach their children that white people were not their enemy. I thought that if I could make them see me as a good person and not as a "white person" I could help make the world a better place. I was convinced I had nothing to fear, and that my generosity would certainly be noticed and appreciated.

The women who came in did not have to prove they had been abused; they merely had to show a police report in which they claimed abuse. Later, in conversations with the mothers, I learned that all they had to do was walk into a precinct and say they had been assaulted. Before I took the job, I could not have imagined that anyone would lie about being abused.

The women could stay rent-free for three months, and then their cases were re-evaluated for extension. All they had to do then was seem scared or present some marginally coherent story to get extensions. In some cases, women finagled the system and managed to stay in the shelter for nearly two years. Most got apartments to themselves, though some had private bedrooms but shared a kitchen and living room.

At the daycare center, my job was to take care of the children while the mothers were getting their lives back together. I also helped children get into schools in the neighborhood, as they now lived in a completely new area, and were not supposed to tell anyone where they were for fear the abuser would track them down.

I devoted myself to the children, some of whom, like their mothers, had suffered serious violence. I assumed that these women, who didn't work, didn't go to school, and didn't seem to do much but have lots of children, would be experts in child rearing. Hispanics, especially, who all seem to have large broods and for whom procreation seems to be the center of their lives, would teach Americans new techniques in child care that would be a great lesson for our society.

I was horrified to find that black and Hispanic mothers alike routinely left their children in unchanged diapers until they were covered with feces. They would take children—often younger than 10—to R-rated, midnight horror movies. They would let children play on busy streets without the slightest concern for their safety. They littered their quarters with pizza boxes, soda cans, filthy clothes, and upturned furniture.

I was shocked but not discouraged. I began spending extra hours after my shift ended, taking care of the children as if they were my own. I would wash their diarrhea-sodden bodies and clean their filthy apartments. I would rock crying, fever-stricken children to sleep while the mothers were out buying malt liquor and cigarettes with their WIC money (Women, Infants, and Children—a food-payments program for poor women with children up to age five), getting ready for a date with whatever ghetto gigolo they were courting that week. I would throw birthday parties for the children and attend school functions because their mothers could not be bothered. This devotion earned me no respect or appreciation. The mothers called me "cracka ass" and "white bitch" while I labored on their behalf.

I did notice racial differences. On the whole, the Hispanics were cleaner and quieter than the blacks. Their standards were below those of the average white, but higher than the average black. Many despised the blacks with whom they were forced into contact. Hispanic mothers were there mostly for free services, and were always looking for the next entitlement. They were intensely proud of their ethnicity, and would explode into anti-white, anti-American anger if they felt slighted in any way—this included being denied a service or being asked to pay for something they thought should be free. They were often inarticulate to the point of being unintelligible, but it was clear that they thought America owed them anything they needed.

Even the more reasonable, friendly clients and staff constantly explained their failures by saying, "The white man keeps me down." I learned that many blacks and Hispanics sincerely believe this cliché, no matter what their salary or station in life.

I never complained, and did everything with zeal and professionalism. I was nevertheless passed over for promotions and received scant appreciation from clients or staff. In that community, socializing seemed to be the key to popularity and promotions, and hard work seemed to be greeted with disdain. If I designed a new program for the staff, they

resented it because it meant they would have to work, which was something they did only when forced.

I got complaints from clients. Some said I was arrogant and behaved as if I thought I was superior to them: “She thinks she betta than us cause she be in college!” The director—a black woman—told me I shouldn’t flaunt my privileged background. Wearing a T-shirt with my college name on it, for example, was considered offensive.

I also got in trouble for expecting people to follow the rules for using the daycare center. Children of all ages were welcome from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m. for help with homework (management had the good sense to realize that our clients could not or would not do that). Otherwise, they were supposed to look after their own children unless they gave us advance notice and showed proof of an appointment or some other obligation. In fact, the mothers were always trying to “dump” children into daycare so that they could go out with boyfriends. This was a common fraud, but I tried to stick to the guidelines.

Once, after I denied a woman’s last-minute request to take her children, she complained to the director. I was called into the director’s office, where the woman said, “You do not want to take care of my children because you think you are better than us.” Of course, the director took her side, scolded me in front of her, and countermanded my decision. The mother’s fraud worked, and I had to watch her children that day.

I thought our program should teach the women to be better mothers to their children, and not to put them into daycare at every opportunity. After the director disciplined me for following the guidelines and trying to prevent fraud, she accused me of racism and told me, “We are here for the mothers, not the children.”

I went home crying that day, shocked for two reasons. I could not understand how anyone could possibly think I was racist, and I believed that whatever the shelter was for, the needs of the children came first. After almost two years at the shelter, I decided to find a different job, and switched to an administrative office in Manhattan.

Later I got a job at a different charity run by Safe Horizon called “The Streetwork Project.” This was a “drop-in” center in Harlem for “street involved youth” up to age 24. The majority of the clients were local teenagers, most of whom did not work, and who had drug habits that kept them in a state of desperation. They tended to be gang members, prostitutes,

and runaways. Streetwork offers shelter, counseling, food, showers, a music room, computer labs, basic medical attention, and even acupuncture and meditation. It also served as an unofficial safe haven for illegal aliens and other criminals hiding from the police.

Safe Horizon and all of its programs are funded by city, state, federal, and private funds. One of my jobs at Streetwork was Coordinator of Data Quality and Reporting, which entailed keeping statistics. Almost every month my supervisor changed my report, increasing the number of clients served, so we would get more funds from backers.

When I interviewed at Streetwork, the supervisor's very appearance should have been a warning, but years of indoctrination had conditioned me to squelch sensible worries. The man was large, black, dreadlocked, and obviously homosexual. A huge wooden penis sculpture was prominently displayed on his desk. He ended the interview by telling me, "Especially because you are a pretty white girl, you are not going to fit in here at Streetwork until you sleep with somebody here." I laughed because I thought it was some sort of joke.

The Streetwork motto is "We are a non-judgmental environment." Yet, every Wednesday all 75 staff members were required to meet in a circle and air their grievances. For eight to ten hours every Wednesday, these mandatory sessions would interrupt our mission to serve children in trouble and force us to play out our personal lives to a crowd of co-workers. More times than not, a black staffer—they were the vast majority—would vent his anger against a white staff member for no apparent reason. It seemed that it was an offense if white people were not sufficiently subservient or reverential to blacks.

The unintentionally offending white person would be made to grovel at the feet—yes, I have seen whites go on their knees before blacks—and apologize for slavery, white privilege, blacks in prison, the poor state of black neighborhoods, AIDS, drugs in their community, etc. Often the white worker was reduced to tears in a desperate attempt to appease the mass of angry black and brown faces. Finally, when the white employee was humiliated enough, and the cathartic cleansing had been achieved, a tentative truce would be called. The angry black employee would be praised and his anger encouraged, while the traumatized, cowering white worker would be put on probation and, through an act of supreme magnanimity,

allowed to keep his job. These sessions were supposed to be run by social workers, but often just ran themselves while the social workers watched.

I was required to attend these sessions, and sometimes the spotlight was turned on me. I was never fully and publicly brutalized, but the anti-white sentiment was clearly directed at me as well.

Racial politics were very strict. We were forbidden to observe Columbus Day because Columbus was a "genocidal racist." Instead, I had to observe Martin Luther King Day and black history month. In fact, I was required to do unpaid, after-hours work on King day.

I saw the only white, heterosexual male employee fired for saying "black people are born to dance," in a moment of self-deprecation at a bar after work with co-workers. Apparently, a white man didn't have the right to say anything about race, even if it was flattering. This white man was framed for a robbery and fired. Everyone on the staff knew he was innocent of the robbery, but he was white and proved himself to be a racist by that remark, and to them, that was reason enough to fire him.

Sometimes we were forced to participate in diversity or sensitivity training, and often we were split into groups by sexual orientation. There were heterosexual, homosexual, bi-sexual, transgendered, and gender-non-specific groups. Gender-non-specifics are people who decide each day which sex they want to be, and they insist on being referred to as gender-neutral "ze" rather than he or she. On Monday, such a person is Brenda, but next month, Brenda may become Carlos. Then a week later, Carlos becomes Brenda again, and if you mistakenly call her Carlos, you are in danger of being fired for discrimination or at least sent to special "sensitivity classes." We had about eight of these "ze" people, and it was an even split between biological men and women.

The view of the staff was that the country was overrun with white, Jesus-freak-bigot, heterosexual "breeders," and that anything that undermined that order deserved support. The heterosexual, white world was bland, unintelligent, uncreative, unattractive, morally repugnant, and something that needed to be eliminated. Therefore there was intense pressure, which included psychological prodding, to try to convert a heterosexual into something else. When a middle-aged white, married woman with teenage children walked out of the heterosexual group to count herself amongst the bisexuals, there was tremendous applause and a daylong celebration in her honor.

We gave away free condoms and held safe-sex workshops, AIDS clinics, and offered counseling to child sex victims and prostitutes. Yet, the staff used donor money to take the children on a field trip to the New York City Museum of Sex, which glorifies every conceivable type of promiscuity and degeneracy.

There was a heavy sexual atmosphere at work. I was always being sent X-rated email, and people would stop by my desk and make filthy comments about my body. After one foul remark, one man even said to me, "That would be sexual harassment anywhere else, but this is Streetwork." Homosexuals would describe the previous night's sexual exploits in graphic detail. Men were always exposing themselves to women on the job, and nobody complained or reported it.

Streetwork had a no-violence policy, but we helped hide violent criminals. Even when staff knew that a client had raped, robbed, or even tried to kill someone, they hid weapons, gave false alibis, and obstructed police investigations. They would not let the "white devil" get his hands on another "beautiful black child."

During the 2008 elections, Streetwork did everything possible to get "street involved" young people to register and vote for Barack Obama, including bribing them with free metro cards, McDonald's food vouchers, and other gifts donated to the organization. It is against the law for a nonprofit organization to try to influence elections.

All standards of decorum and professionalism were considered "white." Instead, the management at Streetwork considered partying (with drugs and alcohol) and sex among staff members essential to the workplace. Staff members who did not take part in these debaucheries were isolated and eventually brought before David Nish, a homosexual who was vice president and top day-to-day manager of Streetwork. He would accuse them of "not being a team player," and they were either fired or forced out by some other means.

At Streetwork, every aspect of race was turned upside down. The day after six people were shot in front of our building, I said that Harlem was a dangerous place. For this I was reprimanded and told to "shut up," because that reflected an ignorant view of Harlem and of blacks. When I bought a house in Staten Island, I was brought before Mr. Nish to explain myself. Streetwork considered Staten Island a racist place because it is 75 percent

white. The staff also said it was “dangerous” because people of color could not walk down the streets without being attacked.

It was, of course, the reverse that was true. On the streets of Harlem, my blonde hair, blue eyes, and white skin made me an irresistible target. I was cursed at, intimidated, and had beer bottles thrown at me from moving cars and high windows. Once, when I stopped and bent down to tie my shoe laces, somebody dropped a ten-pound barbell from an apartment building, which smashed the pavement just inches away from me. I was once surrounded by a group of black girls who promised to kill the “snowflake” who was in *their* neighborhood. I could not walk ten feet without hearing grotesque and threatening sexual comments screamed at me from loitering black men who followed me from the subway to the front door of the Streetwork building.

Our office regularly got phone calls from angry blacks who said they were going to “get that white bitch.” When I answered the phone, even some of the clients would say, “Are you that white bitch? I’m going to get you!!” You often see the slogan “Keep Harlem Black” in windows, store fronts, and on cars. I assume that the purpose of the calls was to drive me out.

Of course, when I brought this to the attention of management I was told either to “shut that mouth!” or that I was learning a valuable lesson in what blacks and Hispanics go through in white areas. Most times, my grievances to management or appeals for help ended with my being the target of another group sensitivity experiment, in which I was belittled and called a bigot for succumbing to my innate white, racist tendencies. On another occasion, I was called into the office of the senior director—a black man in his 50s—who told me to read a book about “white privilege,” because I lived in a bubble and that bubble had to be burst.

The Streetwork project used donor funds to invite the New Black Panther Party to speak to our young clients. I had to appear excited at the prospect, although it always made me feel unsafe, because the Panthers stirred up the children to the point they would attack or at the very least “dis(respect)” any non-blacks in their paths. Streetwork thought this was good for the clients, because it gave them pride, and inspired them to fight against the white man instead of each other.

Why?

Why, you are wondering, would a white person work in a place like this? That is a difficult question to answer. For myself, I went into this field, because I was trying to make a difference. I wanted to help people who were suffering, and I thought I was doing the right thing.

I think some whites find the ghetto environment exciting, and consider the racial abuse to be just another interesting facet of their adventurous new life. Popular culture certainly plays a part in pushing people in this direction. Some suburban whites idolize blacks and see their ghetto world as a playground for the imagination. Popular music, movies, sports, and television are largely black oriented, and white children come to believe that white is lame. In fact, I can remember white friends, during my teenage years and even to this day, criticizing something by saying, "That's so white." People from the suburbs may think they are missing something, and that they can live tragically hip lives among ghetto blacks.

Whites in these situations accept astonishing abuse, yet they are proud of their work and think they are improving the world. It seems that "white privilege" is an extremely powerful concept that makes some people believe they deserve humiliation. It leads to a bizarre form of cultural suicide, and an inability to defend one's own interests.

One of the people who was publicly humiliated at one of the Wednesday sessions was an attractive white woman who was engaged to an actor. Even after being attacked and scorned for weeks, she kept coming to work. She probably didn't need a full-time job, but she loved being there. She loved being leered at by Harlem blacks, and was sleeping with several of her black and Hispanic coworkers. Clearly, this was kept a secret from her handsome, white, soap-opera-actor boyfriend, whom many women would have thought an enviable catch.

I should add that Streetwork was something like a cult, and tried to control every aspect of our lives. The managers set the tone and encouraged us to believe that we were immensely fortunate to have such a wonderful job in which we were loved by our clients, co-workers, and supervisors. We scorned outsiders, and believed that being "inside" was the most important thing in the world. Streetwork considered itself a self-contained, multicultural and multi-sexual paradise and model for the world. We were constantly indoctrinated and pushed to live by the narrow Streetwork dogma.

The staff were very intertwined in each other's personal lives. We went to happy hour after work together every day, and every weekend we attended parties and various events together—always together. We gave each other advice on intimate aspects of each others' lives, but always filtered through the liberal, diversity, multicultural prism. For example, when I bought the house in Staten Island, I was told I should stay in a lousy apartment in a bad neighborhood, so that I could better understand the plight of the black man. I was dating a musician, who sometimes went away on tour. My "friends" told me to cheat on him as much as possible, so I wouldn't care if he were doing it himself.

In fact, it was my boyfriend, an outsider to this world, who began to change my thinking. He is an intelligent, white, eighth-grade drop-out who has traveled the world as a piano player since he was 18. He was never subjected to the multiple layers of indoctrination that the typical white, suburban person gets in high school, college, and the workforce. He even owned a copy of Jared Taylor's *Paved With Good Intentions*. It took someone like him, far outside of the conventional system, to explain to me how crazy Streetwork was.

He knew that everyone at work referred to him as "that white boy you are with," so he wrote a letter to a black staffer—one of the worst offenders—and addressed it to "Black Boy." The purpose was not to offend, but simply to point out the hypocrisy and double standards of claiming to be "non-judgmental" while constantly slurring whites, but considering "black boy" a deep insult. My boyfriend also helped me realize that no one was ever better off at Streetwork, despite my efforts. All I saw was abuse of the system and lack of gratitude.

My attitude at work began to change. I started objecting to sexual harassment. I stopped letting Streetwork examine and analyze my personal life. This alone made me a social outcast, but the fact that I was dating a "white boy" from the suburbs was cause for great alarm. People who I thought were my friends treated me as a pariah because I was not keeping to the Streetwork policy of spurning the white man. My ideas were ignored, and incompetents were promoted to positions once promised to me. The large black man who first interviewed me called me into his office to tell me how worried and disappointed he was. He promised me a very substantial promotion if I "came back to the fold" rather than return to my "bubble."

I handed in my resignation anyway. Vice president David Nish telephoned me and begged me to come back in for a discussion. He told me how much he cared about me and that my happiness and success were his main concern. My boyfriend agreed that I should go see him because we thought I might be offered the long-promised promotion. On the drive out to Harlem, we put together a list of offenses and abuses I had suffered. I thought that if Mr. Nish really cared about me he would correct the abuses.

When I arrived I was shocked to be greeted by an entire "intervention group." The first thing it did was to send me back outside and tell my boyfriend, who was waiting for me, to go home. When I came back in, they all had copies of the "Black Boy" letter my boyfriend had sent. Just as he had said they would, they used the letter to label him a dangerous bigot. I was shocked to see this roomful of people, including the vice president, brandishing this personal correspondence.

Next, they lied, and claimed that my boyfriend had written letter after letter to various people within the organization. In a clear attempt to make me feel guilty, they said he was angering people throughout the organization and was getting in the way of the "the mission."

I presented my list of abuses but they dismissed every one, saying that "this is what goes on at every job site."

Next, David Nish explained that he had 30 years of experience observing domestic violence, and he could see blatant warning signs. He asked if my boyfriend ever hit me or got angry. I said he never hit me but was angry at how I was treated at Streetwork. "Well, that is the first step of abuse," he said. "I'm sure that if he hasn't started hitting you yet, he will start very soon."

While the rest of the group looked on, gesturing their approval, he talked for an hour or more: You are in grave danger. We love you and you've been with us for so long. This guy you are seeing has only been around for a few months. You can't know everything about him, but we know the warning signs. This is what we do for a living. We see the changes in you. Haven't you noticed your coworkers have not been talking to you? That is because they miss the old Tracy, whom this new boyfriend is trying to kill. Are you going to let him kill you?

They made my boyfriend seem like he was a psychotic, dangerous bigot from whom I needed to escape. His opinions were unlike those of anyone else in my life, and he was the minority. Faced with this vast sea of

important people who claimed to be on my side and against him, I felt powerless to resist, and foolish to disagree. They made me believe I was in great danger.

I look back in horror and amazement at this, but after this brainwashing I actually agreed to call my boyfriend, break up with him, and order him out of the house we were sharing. Several people listened in on the call, taking notes, and planning the next steps to make sure the breakup was permanent. Mr. Nish then sent me right back to work at my old job.

While I worked, shivering from what I had been through, Mr. Nish made arrangements for me to go into a domestic violence shelter. He called my parents and friends to tell them how he had rescued me from my wicked boyfriend. He then called me back into his office and offered to call the police and send them to my home to make sure my boyfriend was out. He even ominously offered to send "some other people, not cops" to throw him out. I said that would not be necessary.

After my unexpected full day of work, I got into a taxi and was on my way to a "safe house" when the cruel absurdity of it all began to hit me. The further I rode, the clearer it became. I told the driver to change routes and take me home to Staten Island and my boyfriend. He had been bewildered by my phone call but was waiting for me, determined to speak face to face. That night, I left a message for Mr. Nish and told him I would not go back. I never did. The next morning he called me at home, but I didn't answer the phone and he left no message.

After that, I was completely cut off from everyone associated with Streetwork. No doubt the word went out that I was to be shunned. All the people who claimed to care about me, all the people who called themselves my friends for life disappeared.

At first I couldn't understand why the vice president of an important, non-profit organization like Safe Horizon as well as other executives would go to such bizarre lengths to keep me in their control. I would imagine it was partly because they could not stand to think that someone might not like the perfect, liberal paradise they think they have built for themselves. It deflates their sense of superiority for someone to see through them.

Later, I learned from someone who worked in personnel at Safe Horizon that Streetwork was in a crisis for several months after I left because no one knew how to do my job or even the jobs of others I had been doing for them. It seems that a madhouse of homosexuals, transgendereds, gender-

non-specifics, unqualified blacks, anti-American Hispanics with poor language skills, and unrepentant gang members, all organized according to principles of diversity and multiculturalism, did not run properly without a white slave doing the work. I learned that I was doing the jobs of more than ten people who spent their days socializing, shirking work, and pilfering from the donation room.

I once believed that my experiences involving race were unique to the places where I worked. I have since heard tales similar to mine, if not so harrowing. All the whites involved meekly accepted what happened to them as part of the march of progress toward a new world and a new way.

My father, for example, after 20 years with the New York City Transit Authority, was forced into retirement when a black man was elevated to one of the highest positions in the authority. My father once heard him say to a meeting of chiefs, "There's too much salt in here—now I'm gonna add some pepper." Personnel policies changed drastically in favor of blacks. It became difficult for whites to get promotions, and the workplace became intolerable for my father.

My sister works for a large medical insurance company used by most of the people who work for New York City. She is one of the secretaries to the black CEO. She is the only white person in the office, and she is kept there to do all the work the others won't do. Her black coworkers show up two hours late, take an extra hour for lunch, and leave one or two hours early, nearly every day. Last winter, she was scolded by her boss for coming in 30 minutes late on a day when a snowstorm hit and nobody else in the office came in to work at all. Recently, a black co-worker disappeared for two weeks. When she came back, she told the boss her baby had been dying in the hospital. Later that day, it became clear that she made the story up; she just wanted a vacation. This black woman got a salary increase and was promoted over my sister's head.

Although I have left Safe Horizon and Streetwork for good, I still see some of the things I noticed there at my current job in an emergency room, where I help doctors treat patients. The doctors spend an enormous amount of time looking after indigent, uninsured Hispanic children who have nothing more serious than skinned knees, headaches, or diarrhea. The doctors are furious at having to prescribe aspirin and Band-Aids to clueless Mexicans, and even have a saying for it: "Hispanics come dancing into the ER and whites come in on their backs."

Everyone who works around blacks and Hispanics knows the truth about them. Many who don't, know anyway. But the propaganda mill is always working to show things as they are not. Not long after I left my job at Streetwork, Safe Horizon produced a public service TV clip about domestic violence (you can find it on YouTube if you look for "safehorizon trailer"). The abused woman looks superficially similar to me and her abuser is a white man who looks something like my boyfriend. Perhaps it was a coincidence, perhaps not. The poor white girl goes to her non-white co-workers for help and protection.

While I was at Safe Horizon, I compiled the statistics for the shelter's clients. Approximately 92 percent of the violence was committed by black men, 7 percent Hispanics, and less than 1 percent by white men. Somehow, Safe Horizon chose to depict an evil white man, a helpless white woman, and noble non-whites who rescue her.

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2

Dispatches from the Go-Slow Zone

When the Office Reaches the 'Tipping Point'

by John Ingram

It's a safe bet that for many whites, exposure to blacks and Hispanics comes in controlled doses. Their positive attitudes toward "diversity" are shaped by isolated experiences with small handfuls of non-whites, often in majority-white settings. Until some years ago, my own life followed this pattern. I was a "colorblind conservative" and liked Newt Gingrich and Jack Kemp. Although I was beginning to lose my illusions, I thought all we needed to fix the race problem were free markets and "better values."

That was about to change. After law school, I accepted a job with the civil division of a major metropolitan area's legal office, which defends the city against lawsuits. If you were hit by a police car, for example, and decided to sue, we handled the case. Incoming lawyers were assigned to various locations around the city, and I landed in the least-white part of town—29 percent and falling.

There were mutterings about past lawyers who had refused this assignment for "safety" reasons, but I thought of it as a gritty, world-expanding adventure. Like a British explorer, I would venture out where others feared. How bad could it be?

The subway ride to the office was one clue. As the train rolled away from the center of the city each morning, I was often the sole remaining white on an otherwise packed car. On more than one occasion, I sat frozen in my seat while a nearby black yelled things like "I'm-a kill-a white motha******!" The outbursts were probably aimed at me, but sometimes I wasn't sure. Blacks who did not appear to have noticed me would sometimes mutter about killing white people.

One time in the subway, I watched as a full-grown black man wearing little more than a diaper and Nike flip-flops lit a crack pipe, introducing me

to the sweetish smell of crack cocaine. The smoke was intense and acrid, and I was not alone in thinking him obviously unhinged and probably dangerous. Even the blacks went scurrying. “Dat fool be smokin’ crack, y’all!” someone yelled.

Another time, at about 8 o’clock in the morning, I watched a Hispanic woman slap her children as she sipped from an aluminum can in a brown paper bag. I was close enough to smell beer, and narrowed my eyes in disapproval. “Who da f*** are you, da police?” she shouted. I’m not sure it would have made any difference if I had been.

The walk from the station to the office could be just as harrowing. Chicken bones, the occasional used condom, and even used diapers littered the sidewalks. Sheltered areas stank of urine. Rap music blared from cars stopped at intersections. The rap was sometimes out-blasted by salsa and merengue music from Hispanics, who drove cars with impossibly large sound systems better suited to concert halls. To escape the din and reclaim a corner of civilization, I listened to Bach on my Walkman.

One would think a law office could seal out much of this, but it crept in, like jungle vines enveloping an abandoned building. The “support staff,” as they were called, were overwhelmingly black and Hispanic. Outside my office sat a black Haitian woman who spoke almost no English and would communicate in incomprehensible baby-like cries and moans. She was ostensibly in charge of office supplies, but rarely attended to her job. If you asked about the possibility of new pens, for example, she would say, “Nooooo. You no do dat. I yeah, see. Uh uh. Do dee.” I began buying my own supplies.

The noise was insufferable. Desktop radios in the office would blare syrupy R&B. The sound of sirens and car alarms outside never seemed to stop. Staffers would yell and chase each other like kindergartners on the playground. It was mostly in fun, but it was constant and loud and something I cannot imagine white people doing in an office.

Drinking was a favorite office activity. One support staffer, a black African I’ll call “Zeus,” drenched himself with cologne but could not hide the reek of alcohol. This fellow was legendary for avoiding work and acting bizarrely. Zeus wandered into my office one day with his shirt unbuttoned almost to his waist and smelling particularly vodka-soaked. The conversation began civilly, but as it wore on he became upset that I was, for

some undetermined reason, not "respecting" him. He grew agitated and though he was small, I thought he might attack me.

Zeus, who was from someplace in Africa—I can't remember which country, exactly—sometimes made clicking noises when he talked, reminding me of Africans in National Geographic documentaries who speak with mouth-clicks. He had been warned about "inappropriate" behavior toward women—though I never heard the specifics—and I believe one woman lawyer had asked that Zeus never be allowed in her office.

At the front desk sat a young Hispanic man who dressed in sleeveless T-shirts, sweatpants, and immaculate white athletic shoes. He loudly boasted, as I stood nearby, of "beating those freakin' white boys" at handball. I wondered what would happen if a white staffer boasted of "beating those freakin' brown boys."

Once, as I stood at the copy machine, he approached me from behind and said, "Yo yo, hurry up." When I turned to look at him he continued, "Yeah, you heard me. Dat's how it is, yo." Yes, Hispanics say "yo." This is common in the crossover world of big-city non-whites, though not all Hispanics talked like blacks—only the ones who were trying to be "gangsta." This man was probably expressing a kind of pan-minority solidarity: "Yo, I'm brown and I'm down. I know what blacks have to deal with, and I know who the enemy is." It would not have been a good idea to try to teach him better manners.

People who were, themselves, rude could demand punctilious manners in others. Once, an older black woman punched me in the back after I brushed past her. I'm normally the type who says "Excuse me," but her reaction came before I could say a word. She obviously saw me as a snobby white man who must be shown his place: "Cain't you say 'scuse me?"

One female Hispanic staffer, whom I understood to be Puerto Rican, almost never did any work. "Petunia" was unbearably loud, and would chatter in Spanish all day with other staffers. *"Mira! Mira!"* ("Look!" or "Hey!") was her constant cry, and she had alcohol on her breath. There were rumors of daytime hard drug use, and I could believe them.

Dress in the office was aggressively casual. Memos would occasionally go out telling the staff not to wear "do-rags," but after a short period of reform, they'd be back, along with "African pride" T-shirts. One staffer assigned to the front desk wore Nation of Islam or black nationalist-style

get-ups, including combat boots and the distinctive short-brimmed cap. One Hispanic regularly wore tank-top shirts.

As is common in many offices, staffers often called in sick, but this was particularly frequent for blacks and Hispanics. They also cut days short, despite efforts to make sure they didn't. At the front door there was an electronic palm reader. This sophisticated device could distinguish handprints, and employees had to "hand in" when they came to work and "hand out" when they left. The reader recorded arrival and departure times, just like a punch clock, but with an important difference: It could not be fooled by having someone else punch in for an absent worker.

Employees got around this by skipping out the back door; they could "hand-in" and "hand-out" at the usual times, but be gone for part of the day. The back door had an alarm that was supposed to discourage this illicit coming and going, but the staff kept a rolled-up newspaper wedged in the jamb to keep the door from closing all the way. Anyone using this door was supposed to "honor" the system by carefully replacing the door-holder. I did not want to face the considerable wrath of black and Hispanic staff, so I complied.

Other memos from the head of our office were about workplace cleanliness. Staffers liked to bring in breakfast and eat at their desks. This way, as far as the hand-print reader was concerned, breakfast counted as work time. Eating was also protection against work; staffers would ignore you or refuse a request if you approached them during a feeding, no matter how odd a time of day it was. However, after a huge styrofoam-plate meal there would be crumbs everywhere. This encouraged the mice, which were often spotted running about, and occasionally showed up dead under desks. In the morning, I sometimes found mouse droppings on my desk. They looked like bran cereal.

Office files were always in terrible shape. Open one, and out would spill crumpled fax cover sheets, but little else. I could tell the handwriting of one black male staffer because it looked like a child's. I sometimes found vacation brochures or food wrappers in the files. The file room itself was a shambles, with files misplaced, mis-alphabetized or, more often than not, missing.

Staffers sometimes slept at their desks. They would just put their heads down and take a long, unapologetic snooze. One woman always put an

open Bible under her head; maybe she thought she could claim she was deep in prayer.

The bathrooms did not have soap or hot water. To get water, you'd press a button on the sink top that would release a three-second burst of cold water that was never enough. You had to keep hitting the button to get your hands clean. Presumably, like the hand-print reader, this was a precautionary measure; the water might never be turned off if it came out of ordinary taps. Paper towels were only intermittently available. Some people brought soap and towels to the office, in little plastic containers, and would gather them up before heading to the bathroom. I wasn't sure what caused the soap and towel shortage—whether the custodians were slacking off or whether the staff would take supplies home if they were plentiful.

Some of the lawyers were white but the attorney-in-charge was a black woman who, it was clear to me, held her position for racial reasons. It was said that she would fall asleep during settlement conferences with judges. She praised black lawyers lavishly, but sometimes could not remember the names of white lawyers—mine, for example. On the side, she was associated with a civil rights group that frequently sued the city, often claiming racism and discrimination. Despite an accent that sounded Caribbean, she took pains to remind us that she was "a black woman in America," whatever that was supposed to mean.

One male lawyer, whom I understood to be a Dominican black/Hispanic mix, wore a Bob Marley-style head of braids that fell to his waist. He kept novels about "black power" on his desk and liked to talk about firearms. His fingernails were coated with clear polish on top and dirty underneath. I thought it was an odd combination.

As part of my job I often had to deal with other city agencies, usually by telephone. The contact person for one of these agencies, whom I'll call "Opal," was useless. She sounded inebriated on the phone, but that could have been her heavy—probably Jamaican—accent. Or maybe it was a combination of the two. In any event, I could not understand her. "Dizza-opa," she would answer, which I eventually came to understand was how she said, "This is Opal."

Opal's dedication to avoiding any requests I might have for her was remarkable. Like so many black employees, she was on high alert for anything that could remotely be construed as beyond her duties. "Dat ain't my job" was her refrain.

I could not help noticing, though, that when I overheard a black call her up the going was easier. “Hey, girl,” was how it started, followed by “Alright now, alright now,” knowing laughter, and probably a fulfilled request.

The slightest difficulty or obstacle was enough for black staffers to simply stop working on an assignment. For example, if they could not find a street name in a computer database, it would never occur to them to try a different spelling even if the one they were looking up was clearly a misspelling. If a contact at another agency did not return a phone call, they considered their duty done. A follow-up call would be too much to expect. This meant that a task you thought was underway would languish, and when you finally traced back to the source of the stoppage, they would shamelessly describe some trivial reason as if it were complete justification. It never seemed to occur to them that solving problems sometimes requires trying various approaches.

This, however, was assuming you could get them to agree to do something in the first place. Sometimes they would turn down a request point-blank, even when it was clearly part of their job. “Yo, man, look at dis,” Zeus would say, pointing to piles of files on his desk, when I asked him to do something. “Now what you want from me, man?” Zeus had a single decoration in his cubicle: an emaciated African child bent over in the dirt next to a vulture. The caption read: “I am a human being.” Zeus’ large head on his small body somewhat resembled the child’s.

Black women, meanwhile, were ready to bounce me before I even opened my mouth. I’d walk to their stations and wait politely while they chatted on the phone: “Girl, you didn’t!” When they noticed me trying to get their attention, they’d ice over and glower: “Wha-choo-wan?” or “You gots some kinda problem?”

These people know they had little reason to worry about any complaint I might make to higher-ups. They knew their jobs were safe. Besides, it seemed to me that a frustrated white person simply delighted them. You were in their territory, and they knew it. For most of the blacks, work of any kind was an imposition to which they submitted as seldom as possible. They never took the slightest interest in it, and had no concept of taking pride in what they did. Their lack of concern for what might happen out in the “white man’s world” was breathtaking. They did just enough to stay out of trouble; an approaching white man was a bother and nothing more.

Telephone conversations with blacks and Hispanics could be surreal. I once called the schools division, an agency from which one would expect clear speech, proper grammar, and some understanding of purpose. A black-sounding woman answered after many rings. When I made a request, she replied with a telephone number. I had had bad experiences with being fobbed off this way, and asked what the number was for. "I don't gots no idea," she said. I inquired further. "I don't know nuthin'," she replied. "Can you find someone who does?" I asked. "Hol' on," she said.

I waited on hold for 10 minutes, after which a woman with a Hispanic accent came on the line and gave me the same number. I said something about having the impression that her office was an "auxiliary office," but she did not know what that meant. She then went on to say she did not know the function of the office where she was answering the phone: "Nobody evah told us that, suh."

At least that call was answered. Often, listed numbers went nowhere: they rang and rang, clicked off after a number of rings, or went to a voicemail labyrinth from which there was no escape. You knew that if a recorded black female voice told you to "have a blessed day" the call would never be returned.

If blacks were often hard to understand, Hispanics sometimes did not speak English at all. I met one who worked full-time as the driver for some agency official. I wondered how he could be a reliable driver if he couldn't read street signs, to say nothing of why a minor official like his boss deserved a chauffeur. One Hispanic did speak some English, but with an astoundingly thick and unintelligible accent. He was a school principal. News stories about the city's miserable schools invariably blamed "white racism."

In a place like my office, one might have expected the whites to be drawn to each other like explorers meeting by chance in the jungle, but there were hardly enough whites even to begin to establish a sense of community. There was a Persian lawyer, an Indian, a Chinese, and a Lebanese. They were all dedicated to the job and were probably just as dismayed by what they saw as I was, but never made a racial remark. Other whites seemed to have a strong ethnic identification—Italian or Jewish, for example—that gave them some kind of identity, comfort or protection. Other whites seemed to crave "street cred": One white woman prominently

displayed a photo of herself with what looked like a black prom date; another was married to a Hispanic.

As for ordinary, non-ethnic whites like me, there were maybe two others in the whole office. None of us ever spoke about the situation we faced. It would have been too risky. Whites who worked elsewhere would say things like “It’s crazy there,” but would never mention race. It was much easier to communicate with the whites, and they could usually be counted on to do their jobs, but I never saw the slightest hint of commiseration, much less solidarity.

The blacks, of course, were “bruthah” and “sistah” to each other, but the office was a miscegenist mix that ran the gamut of skin colors, with many racially ambiguous staffers. I never detected racial tension between blacks and Hspanics; if anything there was brown-black solidarity against whites.

I lasted a year. This was a hell I’d never bargained for. For a man just out of law school, this was not even close to what I considered a good legal job or job, period. I had worked in fast food joints in the Midwest that were more professional. And it could not have been clearer that the white man was the enemy. I ruined a suit jacket with armpit sweat because of the pressures of that place.

The supervisors weren’t about to make the situation better. They mostly ignored the minority shenanigans, probably realizing it was useless to complain. If anyone had to respond to complaints about incompetence, it would be the lawyers, not the staff.

I wanted to quit, but the office required a commitment of three years. The only option was to ask for a transfer to another department or location. I did so, but was rejected. I appealed the rejection to a higher authority, who wanted to know why I wanted to leave so badly. I listed some of my experiences. She said they were serious accusations, and demanded details. I didn’t want to say any more, for fear it would come back to me. In the end, I got the transfer to a whiter area without having to go into details.

The new office still had non-whites—particularly black women who felt it was their God-given right not to work—but it was probably more than half white. The cleanliness and the competence were a relief. Having just enough whites to tip the balance made a striking difference. It made “the practice of law” a reality instead of a joke, as it had been at the other office.

Those two work places were a kind of parable for America. So long as there are enough whites to maintain standards and set the tone, we can

continue to be a First-World country despite a certain number of non-whites. But past the tipping point the jungle rushes in.

My first job out of law school was an experience I'll never forget. I think of it every time I hear whites dismiss concerns about becoming a minority in America as "racist paranoia."

John Ingram, 33, eventually moved with his wife to the suburbs, where he continues to practice law. This article first appeared in the August 2006 issue of American Renaissance.

3

Hell on Wheels

The Job of a Conductor on a New York City Subway Train Is a Voyage into the Heart of Darkness

by Daniel Attila

I was born in Hungary, from which I escaped in 1982 at age 18. I settled in New York in 1984 with the intention of becoming an artist, but after nearly a decade of struggle I realized I might never make it. In 1993 I enrolled in the City University of New York, while I supported myself for four years as a conductor on New York City subway trains. There can be only a few jobs that so quickly introduce an immigrant to the realities of multi-racialism. Beneath the streets of New York I have seen and done things that very few whites will—I hope—ever see or do.

Conductors operate the doors of trains, make announcements, give information to the passengers, and oversee the safety of people on trains and platforms. Most of the time they stay in a small compartment, or cab, in the middle car of the train. There are many cities that operate subways with only a driver, but New York City is a challenging place, where putting only one person on the train would expose the system to violence and chaos.

Attending college while working under ground is not a dream come true, but conductors are well paid. The starting salary is $30-40,000 a year, with a top salary of $40-50,000, which can be reached in three years. Conductors who become drivers can earn $50-70,000 a year, depending on overtime. The high salaries are a result of the monopoly the Transit Authority (TA) enjoys over city transportation. The union is a mostly-black workforce, which cannot be tampered with by any politician who wants a career in New York. Even as far back as the 1930s, the all-powerful TA got through the depression without laying off a single employee.

I went to a high school in China Town to take the civil service exam for the job. Once inside, I noticed that I was the only white person there.

Except for an Asian-Indian woman who sat in front of me, I saw only black people, even though there were at least 40 of us taking the test. “How come I’m the only white person here?” I wondered. “Don’t white Americans want a job that pays $40-60,000 a year and doesn’t even require a high-school education?” Perhaps in answer, one of the blacks in front of me turned around and gave me a bizarre, hate-filled look—a look I would often encounter in the years ahead.

The test was easy—surprisingly so—and I wondered if it was possible for anyone over the age of six not to pass it. I clearly remember one of the questions; I find it impossible to forget:

> If you are a bus driver and find that a kid jumped onto the back of the bus, traveling on the outside, what are you going to do?
>
> a) I will suddenly brake, then accelerate, repeating this process until the kid falls off and learns a lesson.
>
> b) I will just ignore the kid and keep on driving as if unaware of the problem.
>
> c) I will stop the bus and personally make sure that the kid gets off.

As part of the test, we also had to find various places in the city, such as the Empire State Building, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the United Nations, with the help of a city map provided to us. This is similar to having Parisians find the Eiffel tower with the help of a map. Needless to say, the test went well and I congratulated myself for having settled in a country where well-paying jobs are so easy to get.

I began learning about the reality of America’s racial dilemma right at the beginning of my training program at the Transit Authority. There was a huge black fellow in our class who had the habit of physically bumping into me at every opportunity. I could feel that he did this intentionally, trying to make it hurt more than an accidental collision would, but not enough to make it look like an assault.

The class consisted of about 80 people, with only a half dozen whites. Most of the training was given by an old white veteran who kept telling us funny and scary stories about transit workers on duty. We were told to watch out for assaults by passengers. “Every one of you will be spat at,” he insisted repeatedly, “I guarantee it.” After the class training, which lasted

about four weeks, we spent two weeks on trains, operating under the supervision of experienced conductors. Right on the first day, a strong black man who stood on the platform, whose right arm was bigger than both of my thighs put together, made a sudden attempt to punch me in the face as I leaned out the window to observe the platform. The conductor who supervised me assured me that such things are very dangerous and happen every day.

Also during the break-in period, I saw a horrible incident in the East New York section of Brooklyn. A horde of black teenagers descended upon a black boy who was sitting quietly by himself. Within seconds, they beat him from head to toe, then quickly fled before the doors closed. We tried to talk to the boy, who was in bad shape, asking him if he wanted medical help or the police. When he said he didn't want either, we asked about the attack. It turned out he was on his way to the first day on a job. The gang beat him up because they didn't want him to work.

After the break-in period, I was qualified as a conductor and began to operate without supervision. It didn't take long for our instructor's prediction to come true. I was conducting a "D" train in the Bronx when I noticed a large group of black men gathered on the platform, just outside the conductor's window. I felt their threatening presence instinctively, but the rules require that the conductor lean out the window and look down the platform in both directions before he closes the doors. I had no choice but to open my window and take the risk. As soon as I opened it, one of the men spat right into my eyes. I was wearing safety goggles but still got some of the saliva on my skin—regulations require that goggles be worn primarily to protect against passenger assaults.

Throughout the four years I spent as a conductor, blacks and Latinos would hide behind posts or other cover and spit at me—with astonishing power and accuracy. Other times they would throw things at me, try to punch me, or yell vile and sometimes inarticulate things at me.

One attack involved a black man of about thirty, who threw a large, glass bottle at my face. I managed to close the window just as the bottle struck—it hit with such force, a piece of glass stuck in the acrylic window of my cab all the way to the end of the trip. As we came into the terminal, I spotted a black supervisor on the platform and couldn't help asking: "What am I supposed to do when someone attacks me as I operate, and the attack is really nasty?" "If you have an injury, you pull the cord and call command

to send for the police and the ambulance," was the reply. "But what if you have no injuries? What if he almost killed you but you lucked out?" I continued. "Then there is no problem," said the supervisor, "you keep on going."

On another occasion, when conducting a "D" train in the Bronx, a boy in a crowd of high-school students threw a heavy stone right at my face with great accuracy and force. I instinctively held up my hand to shield my face and was injured severely enough to go to the emergency room. At the hospital, the nurse told me that a bus driver, also injured in an assault, had just been treated and released a couple of hours earlier.

When operating during the "school hours," the early afternoon when students come home from public schools, rowdy students—none of whom was ever white or Oriental—would routinely disable the trains. They would break windows, pull the emergency brake, and tear open the seats so they could cut out electric switches. If the train crew couldn't fix the problem, we would discharge the passengers and transfer the train to the storage yard for repair. When we discharged trains, black and Latino passengers would threaten violence, accusing us of deliberately disabling trains so that we could "go home early."

My ordeal did not end with the work-day. The commute home was just as agonizing as time on the job. In the late hours, when I usually made my way home, the trains were largely bereft of normal, working people. Often there were gangs of "youths" roaming the trains, walking from car to car, jumping on seats, starting fights, and harassing passengers. I often locked myself in the conductor's cab, as I did on the job.

One night, after work, as I was climbing the steps from the subway platform in my own neighborhood, a tall black man came running the other way and crashed into me. He was so badly dressed he looked like a bum. He was carrying a box of Chinese take-out food, which he dropped when he slammed into me. There went his dinner. Although the collision was entirely his fault, he began threatening me, cursing me, and demanding money. I looked around to see if there was anybody else in the station—not that one can expect help from whites in situations like this—but there was no one.

I don't know how long we argued, but it seemed like an eternity. Keeping him from attacking me took all the energy I had. I finally managed to break away and run home. Exhausted, I collapsed on the floor and began

crying, in a way I don't remember doing since I was a small child. What broke me down was not so much this particular incident but the sum of all the assaults and humiliation that took place before it—the attacks, the spitting, the name calling, and, ultimately, my complete inability to do anything about it. Violent self-defense would certainly cost any white transit worker his job.

New Horizons

My job offered me the opportunity to see parts of New York whites seldom see. The United States may be the only country that has never been attacked, but still has places that look as though they went through a war. This once-glamorous cultural capital has neighborhoods, the size of cities, that look like Stalingrad or Yokohama right after a carpet bombing.

The job also acquainted me with blacks I would never otherwise have known. My black colleagues never seemed upset by the behavior of our "customers," nor did they try to avoid working in horrible neighborhoods. One reason was that although they were not entirely safe, they did not face attacks of the same severity or frequency, let alone attacks with racial overtones.

In their off hours, the blacks often held little parties in our filthy, stuffy, underground crew rooms, where they celebrated birthdays or Kwanzaa with cheap cake and fast food. Non-blacks were ordered to leave the room before such events; most blacks believed that segregation on equal terms was better than integration.

The blacks also talked about what a scandal it was that the schools do not teach that Jesus Christ and the ancient Egyptians were black. Every day, during lunch breaks, I witnessed heated debates about such topics. I also learned that anything wrong in black neighborhoods is the fault of whites. My colleagues believed that slavery caused illegitimacy and welfare dependency, and that the government simply refuses to spend money on neighborhoods where they live. "When are they going to take the money and clean up the Bronx, Brooklyn, and upper Manhattan?" they would ask.

Whites never engaged in open debate about such things, preferring to scribble their opinions on the walls of the bathrooms provided for transit workers. "Kill all Niggers," was the harshest sentiment I ever saw, along

with such admonitions as “Do your country a favor, kill a liberal!” Working underground seemed to degrade everyone.

In addition to the pressures of the job, I was forced to put up with the anti-white atmosphere of City College. One of the most anti-white teachers was an otherwise intelligent English professor named Hannah Rogers. After a few classes filled with insults to whites, Prof. Rogers made a little speech that went something like this:

> In the beginning, before the white man came along, the colored peoples who once owned this land lived here peacefully, cohabiting with each other, with nature, and with the animals. Then came the Europeans, who killed the people and the animals, and destroyed nature. Now, however, the people of color are beginning to reclaim the land that belongs to them, and there will come a day when the colored masses rise up, and the white people who managed to enslave every other race will be destroyed. The land will be taken back so that the people to whom it belongs can return to living in peace and harmony with each other, and nature.

“I only hope,” she concluded, “that when that day comes, the whites who were good will be spared.”

I was offended and shocked, but I learned something I had never suspected. I always thought “liberals” are the way they are because they live in white ghettos and don’t realize what is happening around them. Not so. At least some of them believe a civil war is on the horizon. They hope for it, they encourage it, and may even expect to gain from it.

East New York

Perhaps the most dreadful incident of my career at the TA was in the summer of 1993, while I was working on the A line. This is one of the lines that goes into the worst neighborhood of the city, the East New York section of Brooklyn. I never operated there for a single day without being assaulted or humiliated in some way.

On one hot afternoon, as I opened the doors at the Ralph Avenue station, I heard what sounded like gunshots. They were a lot quieter than in movies, and at first I thought it was just some noise coming from the equipment.

However, I was unnerved to see a couple of blacks, wearing face masks, rush out of the last car, up the steps, and disappear.

There was no way to misunderstand the situation; an incident had taken place in the last car, and the rules required the conductor to investigate. No experienced conductor would ever go back to the last car in a situation like that, no matter what the rules say, but I was not very experienced. After making some announcements to the passengers, I gathered all my courage and walked back to the last car, pretending to be calm.

There were people standing in every door shouting about the delay. In the last car, I found a man lying on the floor with bloody wounds in his legs. I used my portable radio to tell the train operator what had happened, and began to walk back to the center of the train to my position. The train operator made a loud announcement requesting that all passengers leave the train, and I was to make sure that all the cars were empty before we closed the doors to wait for the police.

I was the only white person in the station. As the passengers got off, they stayed on the platform and began to form a row close to the train. I walked toward my position, fenced in by the train on the left and by the row of people on the right. I passed three cars and had two more to go, to reach the only position from which I could close the doors. I was supposed to walk all the way to the front, passing all ten cars, to make sure that no passengers remained in them. I sensed that I could not make it to the front of the train, and tried only to get back to my position.

As I advanced, the people seemed to move closer to the train, gradually narrowing the path until it became too narrow for me to pass without touching them. “Who got shot, black or white?” I heard a young man shout. Then I saw hands reaching out to grab me and fists aimed to punch me. Just as I was about to pass the third car, one of the punches hit my shoulder. At this point I realized there was a real chance that I could be—well—lynched before the police arrived.

My heart pounding, I jumped into the car and began running inside the train, trying to reach my position. I no longer cared about any passengers remaining in the cars; I just ran. There were two more cars to cross, each separated by a pair of heavy, steel doors that open slowly. I wrenched them open with all my might. Meanwhile, the crowd seemed about to follow me into the train. I finally reached my position and, without any announcements or sticking my head out to observe the platform, shoved my

key in and hit the door close buttons. The lights indicated that half the doors had not closed, meaning that people were holding them. When this happens, normally the conductor opens them again to let people in or out, but I refused to open up. After several tense minutes, people stopped holding the doors and they finally closed.

I hid in my cab for perhaps as long as half an hour until the police finally arrived. “What kind of people did you see running in masks?” asked a black bureaucrat dressed in a business suit. I refused to answer, for fear that mentioning blacks could get me in trouble. He seemed to be familiar with this attitude on the part of whites, because he calmly and understandingly said, “They were black, right?” He nodded his head in answer to his own question, and made a note on a piece of paper.

Later, as we were slowly moving into the service yard, accompanied by a police escort, I reflected on the incident. I recalled how many times I have heard liberals claiming that 99 percent of the blacks who live in these neighborhoods are “hard working and law abiding,” with only a tiny one percent who cause trouble. Perhaps I’m prejudiced, but among the hundreds of people on that platform who looked as though they were ready to lynch me, I didn’t see many who looked hard working or law abiding.

During the same summer, there was another incident, while passing Kennedy Airport. I heard something that sounded like an explosion. I investigated but didn’t find anything that could have caused it, though the sound seemed to come from nearby. Then, as we pulled into the next station, I was notified over the radio that my train operator, a black woman, had had her windshield broken out by a stone block, the size of a child’s head, thrown from somewhere on the airport’s property. I then realized, that what I had heard was the sound of another stone smashing between the two cars, just missing my cab window. One of these rocks is heavy enough to kill a person easily. The train operator was lucky to be alive.

It is hard to believe, but I worked for two more years in the subway before I finally turned my back on that hellish job, in the summer of 1995. I now live in a privately policed community in Manhattan. I ride the subways only if an emergency requires it.

Daniel Attila is a junior at Columbia University. This article first appeared in the January 1997 issue of American Renaissance.

PROFESSIONS

4

Blacks and High Steel

What Affirmative Action Did to the Trade

by Tom Dilberger

In the late 1960s, I came back from Vietnam, once again to take up my chosen profession as a "connector" in the high steel trade. I was a member of the ironworkers union, the men who build the steel frames for multi-story buildings. I worked on many Manhattan skyscrapers, on jobs that changed the city's skyline.

I was born in 1943—I am not a baby boomer—and started my career before the days of affirmation action. I was taught by men who made their mark in the 1930s, and absorbed standards of excellence from them, along with the belief that there was no excuse for sub-par work. I have had a close look at how things have changed. I consider myself an American patriot, and as a white man, I think people should know what lowered standards have done to my profession.

At my first union meeting back from Vietnam, the main question was whether black men should be allowed in the local union. All the older men, including the leadership, were against letting blacks in, while we younger men were for it. As a veteran, I thought it only right for blacks, with whom I served in combat, to get a shot like anyone else. The debates were furious, but on its own, my union would not have admitted blacks. In the early 1970s, a court order ended the debate. Judges ordered all the trades to let blacks take the apprentice tests.

At that time, my union was mainly "father/son," meaning that if your father or another close relative was a member, you'd get a shot at the work. However, this didn't guarantee membership in the local. You still had to pass the apprentice test and measure up on the job. Nor did it mean that men who didn't have family in the business never got a chance. They could take the test, and if they were good they could join the union.

At that time, the apprentice tests were hard. There were three parts—physical, mental and psychological—and failure on any part meant disqualification. The test was given every three years, and if a man failed, he was out of luck. He had to wait for the next test. There was also an age limit of 29. Anyone older than that had to find another line of work.

Although there were no blacks in the union, it was not segregated. It was about 60 percent white, and the rest were American Indians. Indians had to take the test and measure up just like everyone else.

When black men first took the apprentice test, they all failed—every one. You can imagine the laughter of the older members of the local. However, soon after, their laughter was silenced, again by court order. A judge ruled that although the test had been overseen by the state, the results were not satisfactory, and there had to be another way to get blacks into the union. Every trade had plans like this, and ours was called the "trainee program." It was open only to blacks, but did not have an age limit. Blacks could still take the union apprentice test, but if they failed, as the overwhelming majority did, they got in through the "trainee program."

There was a reason the union had an apprentice test: it weeded out people who could not do the work. But the test was not perfect, either, and there were men who could pass it but were still not up to the job. Think for a moment what it means to build a steel frame. As the frame goes up, every time a beam is set onto a column, two pieces of steel meet in thin air. It's windy up there, and frames tend to sway without walls to stiffen them. A "connector" has to be at the top of that column, ready to pin the beam to it—and he may be 30 floors above the street. The work is simple to understand, but that doesn't make it easy. It is dirty, difficult and dangerous, and it takes a very determined man to do it. There are no gray areas. The reality of the work hits a man like a baseball bat each day. He can either do it or he can't. Many men never have to be told to leave; they willingly leave the trade, and this includes quite a few who are relatives of members. There are other, less demanding jobs in a "raising gang," but capable men will generally spend a good part of their career as connectors.

When black men started filtering on to the job, it was clear from the beginning they had no ability to do the work. For the most part, they were so obviously incapable, many left immediately. The usual practice with a man who clearly wasn't up to the work was to give him two hours pay and fire him, but it was different for blacks even in that respect. They stayed

below for the day with the older men in the detail gangs, and were fired only when they came down off the building at the end of the work day. Before long, it became impossible to fire any but the very worst. Courts mandated that a certain percentage of the workforce, especially on government jobs, be made up of black men.

To understand the effect of forcing inadequate men into a profession, it is important to know something about the work. A raising gang has a foreman or pusher, and men with four different specialties. The hooker-on physically puts the steel wire slings, or chokers, around the beams, girders, columns, etc., that are going to be raised by the crane for the connectors to set. He must know all the different capacities of the chokers he's using, so as not to put a choker on a piece if it is not rated for that weight. He also unofficially runs the gang, because he sets the sequence for the pieces of steel that go up to the connecters. A tagline man then uses ropes with hooks spliced into their ends to guide the beams up to the connectors. If one of the beams he's guiding snags on a beam that's already set, he must signal the crane operator (who is not an ironworker) to slack off the load so the tagline man can clear the piece. Then he directs the crane to continue raising the piece. The tagline man is usually the youngest man in the gang and is being groomed to be a connecter. He must be in excellent shape, since he may be asked to go connecting at any time. The signal man communicates with the crane operator. Sometimes he will use hand signals, and at other times there is a "phone system" hooked up to the cab of the crane. The signal man must be alert all the time because the unexpected can always happen. A good signalman can save a man's life, and a bad one who doesn't pay attention can cause all sorts of trouble. He is usually the oldest man in the gang, and is considered something of a sage.

At the very top of the building are the connectors. I consider connecting to be an art within the trade, and it is widely recognized as the most dangerous and demanding work. The job takes a special combination of mental and physical abilities, along with great strength and agility. The connector must not only anticipate the flow of the work and the motions of a beam swinging at the end of a cable, he may have to climb straight up a 30-foot column with as much as 50 pounds of equipment in a work belt hanging from his waist. These are bolts and pins of various lengths and diameters with which he sets the steel, along with the other tools he has to use. Connecting takes a certain physical type. A man may be a weight lifter,

but if he has given up too much mobility with all that bulk, he is no more use than a man who is overweight. There are always two connectors working together, and they must have complete confidence in each other. Men who work well together may stay together for years. Not everyone can do this work, and a man who makes his mark as a connector is due a certain respect not given to others, even after he moves on to less demanding jobs.

There is a limit to how long a man can connect steel. At some point his body won't take the beating anymore, and his abilities slip. He still knows what to do, but his reactions aren't there anymore. Some men connect steel into their sixties, but not many. One I knew was also a walker. He would walk about seven miles from Brooklyn into Manhattan—across the Brooklyn bridge—do a day's work and walk home.

Anyway, these are the men in the raising gang, and they work under the supervision of a pusher. If he's a good pusher, he'll get good men working for him, and he will keep them from job to job. When the gang is working well, the lighter his touch on the gang the better. A good gang will almost function on its own.

The next gang on a job is the bolt-up gang. These are usually men who used to be in a raising gang or who, for some reason, could not function on one. They come along after the raising gang and put in the final bolts to hold the steel. Most of the time the bolt-up gangs do not need strong young men, but there can be exceptions. Sometimes a point (where columns and beams join) may require 100 bolts that must be torqued with a heavy impact gun. The gang will have as many apprentices as it needs to keep the gang supplied with bolts and tools. Needless to say, the worst apprentice is the one who gets the coffee.

Finally, there is the detail gang. These people come along later to weld the larger bolts, clean up mistakes, and take care of any changes that come up during a job. This work is easier and more slow-paced than raising and bolting up steel.

For those who have never worked in a union, perhaps this description is enough to make it clear that the union really was a brotherhood. When you work together for years with people whose abilities you count on not only to do your job but for your physical safety, you develop close attachments. At the same time, the best ironworkers love what they do. There is immense satisfaction in seeing a building go up, in doing a challenging job most men can't do.

When blacks started coming into the business, I was still young and making a name as a connector. The job requires total focus, so when you're 40 floors above the street, you don't have time to think about what some black guy is doing or not doing in a detail gang down below. Although I was aware of what foremen were saying about the overall inability of black men to do the work, I never saw them. They seemed instinctively to know they could not work in a raising gang. I wasn't fully aware of the overall damage they were doing the industry until I finished my years of connecting, and started pushing.

It's hard to describe exactly what keeps them from being able to do the more difficult raising-gang work. They are not particularly afraid of heights. Blacks will go out on the iron, way above the street, but only at a very slow, measured pace they can control. They don't adjust well to fast-paced work.

Blacks have similar problems with rigging (the work of putting the right cables on the steel pieces and sending them up). Rigging is an integral part of getting the steel where it is has to go. Ironworkers must know all the different capacities of steel cable, and how to use a particular size cable in a way that increases its capacity. For some reason, this is something blacks do not seem to pick up. The same is true with knotcraft. All men in the trade must know certain knots and how to splice. I don't know why, but blacks don't seem to get the hang of it. Their abilities to see things before they happen don't seem to be well developed, and don't improve as they gain experience (though as far as the raising gang is concerned, they don't stay around long enough to get much experience anyway).

Finally, blacks do not read blueprints well. That is why there are so few black pushers even after all these years. It's hard to cover for a guy who can't read a blueprint. When I taught blueprint reading in the apprentice school, I was able to get it across to the white and Indian guys but not to blacks. When I was in the service, I tried to teach a black guy to read a map and use a compass. Either I wasn't a good teacher, or he wasn't a good student, because after I was finished, he couldn't do either.

This is not to say that *no blacks* can do the work. As in so many other situations, there is the rare exception that proves the rule. I have seen only one black man who could do the work the way it's supposed to be done. He was a good man in every way. Unfortunately, he got killed in 1980 when he fell to his death. Nobody knew what made him fall. It was just one of those things.

When I started pushing, the very first gang I took was a bolt-up gang with two blacks. It was apparent very quickly that they were not up to the job. This was early in the work on a 50-story building in Manhattan, and I could not afford to be stuck with men who could not pull their weight. I got hold of the steward and told him to do something or I was going to fire them. He told me they were going to start a detail gang (easier, less demanding work) in a couple of days, and would take the blacks off my hands. In their place, I got two decent guys.

Some people will tell you blacks are lazy, but I think a better word for it is childlike. If a pusher gives them a task and leaves, they will sit down because they're not being watched. It doesn't seem to register with them that when the pusher comes back he will see that the work has not been done—until they see him coming. Then they will invent some silly excuse for why the work is not done. Obviously, it's risky for a pusher to pair two blacks to work together. The usual thing is to put a black guy with a white or an Indian, but the Indians absolutely hate to work with blacks, and if you insist, they may walk off the job. With a mixed pair, the white or Indian guy has to do all the thinking and most of the work.

I know it runs counter to the common view, but generally speaking, I'm not impressed with the strength or stamina of blacks. I'm sure many people will find this hard to understand, but blacks just give out sooner.

Late in my career, I was pushing a detail gang that was setting some small beams. A black guy said we should take a rest every time we set a piece, but it was light work and I kept the men going. During coffee break he told me I was a slave driver. I told him that if he were the slave and I were the master, I'd have to go out and get a job to support us both because he wasn't doing enough to make owning him pay. I suppose you could get fired for saying that today.

There are other problems with blacks. They tend to come to work late, and without the proper tools or clothing. When I was a walking boss on a job, I'd be down in the street sometimes watching the connectors unload steel off a truck shortly after seven o'clock in the morning (the start time for work in the trades), and I'd see black guys coming late from all directions. That includes all the trades, not just ironworkers.

Some of the excuses I have heard are incredible: "I lent my alarm clock to a friend and he forgot to call me and wake me up and that's why I'm late." Or this one: "I was on time but a cop gave me a ticket on the train for

smoking, and he wouldn't let me off at my stop and I had to wait for a train going back the other way and was finally able to get off." Then there are the guys who claim to have had deaths in the family, but who forget, and claim multiple deaths for the same person.

Blacks are also likely to have a different kind of baggage. I had a black guy on a job who wasn't bad. He could do a fair job of bolting up, and seemed to be good at being on time for work and doing what he was supposed to do when he was there. Then, all of a sudden, he sticks up a fast food joint and that's the end of him. He got five years. What good was he to the brotherhood?

Certain contracts (usually city, state and federal) now stipulate that the work crew has to have certain percentages of minorities. Also, on many public projects, a certain amount of the contract is set aside for minority contractors. This means large outfits have created dummy minority companies so they can get the minority contract, too. I've seen only one genuinely black outfit get one of these contracts, and they made a mess of things and were thrown off the job.

The fact that blacks would or could not do the hardest work had an effect no one outside the trade would have anticipated. It meant that instead of starting in a raising gang, they started in detail work or bolting up—work that older men traditionally did. If it was a government job that required a certain number of blacks, you had to put those men to work somewhere. Many times, it meant older men who had been in the trade for years—some nearing retirement age—had to go back and do the work of younger men. You can imagine the snowball effect. By their very presence, blacks upset the rhythm and flow of work.

The courts pushed women into the trade, too, just as they had blacks. Of course, they don't have the upper body strength to do the work, but in our unfortunate country, that makes no difference. They're in now, and that's that. They've caused untold problems on the jobs.

The curious thing is that 90 percent of the women who have come into the trade are black, so you have all the other problems I have mentioned plus the fact that they are not strong enough. Once again, we had a group without any ability to do anything but the easiest work.

I had a problem myself with a woman, soon after they started showing up. I was working as a bolt-up pusher and asked for another apprentice. We were adding journeymen, so I needed another hand to service them. The

union hall sent me a woman. She proceeded to tell me she was going to get the coffee. I told her I was the one who made those decisions, and she wasn't going to get the coffee. I had the original apprentice getting coffee, and that was the way it was going to be. I told her to do ordinary apprentice work, and she just left the floor and told the job super I had harassed her. I told him it was a bunch of baloney, and he put her on a detail gang. I wanted her fired, but that wasn't going to happen. She went on to cause more problems. Last I heard of her, I think she got killed, but not on the job.

I once asked an old timer who had worked in the Brooklyn Navy Yard during the war about the work the women did there. He told me they were good welders (welding is easy work). However, men had to put up the scaffolds for them, so they could get to where the welding had to be done. The situation was much the same as what we're experiencing with women today.

Ours has always been dangerous work. I've been hurt, myself. In 1980, a floor I was on collapsed out from under me, and I fell 35 feet onto Houston Street in Manhattan. I broke my arm. I rehabbed myself and was back at work about three and a half months later, much to the chagrin of my lawyer, who wanted me to stay out of work for as long as my case lasted, which was four years. I got some money, but nothing compared to what I could have gotten if I had stayed out all that time. I wasn't going to sit around for four years.

For the most part, women and blacks don't get hurt. Mainly, it's because they won't do the dangerous work, nor will anyone put them in a critical position where a man's life could depend on them. There has been a blizzard of new safety regulations that are supposed to remove a lot of the dangers, but there are as many injuries as before, and mostly it is whites who get hurt. Why? Because the ironworkers test has been completely watered down to create the illusion that blacks and women are "passing." That means inferior white men are passing the test and entering the trade—and doing the critical work—and inferior men always find a way to get hurt.

Breaking Up the Brotherhood

Structural ironworking is wonderful work for a man who can throw himself into it. The challenges and rewards of the job bring out incredible

emotions. The bonds you build with men you can trust last a lifetime. This is why union men call each other brothers, and back in the father-to-son days, men were often related to each other, too.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of blacks on high steel is that they have never become part of the brotherhood. They have maintained a *de facto* segregation that has kept them from fully taking part in the trade, and have established themselves as a separate entity within the local. They have refused every overture of brotherhood from members such as myself, who were their friends from the beginning. They have refused friendship from the Indian brothers, too. Mainly this happened because they were artificially inserted into work for which they were completely unqualified. Now, even after all these years, they are just as outside the flow of the work as the day they started. All this time, no black has ever won elected office in the local.

Many of the blacks have a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude about the job and about whites. In my opinion, they strike a pose to hide the fact that they don't have what it takes as a group to do the work. I can't imagine what their day must be like, always walking around wondering if someone doesn't like them, never able to lose themselves in the work. This work has so much to offer, but it's up to each man to get out of it what he can.

I mentioned the incredible emotions of high steel, but the key to feeling those emotions is the work. If a man won't throw himself completely into the work, he'll always be on the outside looking in. He will end up caring about the money rather than the work. For him it's about the money, and only the money. Blacks were thrown into a job they couldn't handle, but they made choices, too. They chose to stay on the outside, and the loss is theirs.

When affirmative action started, nobody thought it would move beyond the blue-collar jobs. Many white-collar workers thought it was fine for people who work outside to integrate. After all, they thought, what does it take to do that kind of work? Just brawn and no brains. They didn't understand that their turn would come.

Now, everybody sees what has happened. We as white people must act together and do what has to be done to end this plague of affirmative action. I don't know how it will happen, but I believe there has already been a change in thinking in America. People are fed up with all this nonsense and slowly they will first take back the workplace and then their society.

Mr. Dilberger is semi-retired and living on the Jersey Shore. This article first appeared in the June 2006 issue of American Renaissance.

5

Fighting “Discrimination” Rather Than Fires

A First-hand Report on the Consequences of Affirmative Action

by Ray Batz

Affirmative action always has costs. Usually, they are lower standards, poor performance, bad morale, and lost profits. In a fire department there can be other costs: lost lives.

I joined the San Francisco Fire Department in 1966, before affirmative action. I got my first house fire, just a couple of weeks out of the Fire College, while I was a probie (a probationary firefighter) assigned to Engine 36. The fire was in an apartment building of six or eight flats, just two blocks from Station 47. This meant the men from 47 would probably get to kick in the door and get first water on the fire, not us.

Sure enough, 47 was already there when we pulled up and hit the ground running. They were at the door of the burning flat, but because of the heat they couldn’t advance beyond the front door even though their nozzle stream was at full force. As we ran up the stairs, carrying bundles of hose, someone yelled, “There is an old couple in there; they’re not outside.”

Ed, a 20-year veteran who had been assigned to break in the new probie, grabbed my arm and said quietly, “Come on, kid.” I dropped the hose and we ran out the hallway door to the outside stairway with access to the back door of each flat. Smoke was seeping out of the door we wanted. With a couple of kicks, Ed shattered the panel next to the knob, reached in, threw the bolt, and we were in the back porch.

On our hands and knees, blinded by thick smoke, we crawled right onto two unconscious people. Ed hoisted one of them onto my shoulder, took the other himself, and we ran to the ambulance, which took them immediately to the hospital. Ed gave me a “Nice going, probie,” and we went back to work.

Back in quarters a couple of hours later, while cleaning equipment, I kept thinking how smoothly the whole thing had gone, how each man had the strength, the size and the intelligence to do what had to be done, and did it without hesitation and usually without orders. Unfortunately, this is often not the case today.

Recently an Arson Investigator told me what he often sees when he arrives at fires still in progress: Inefficiency, hesitation, and confusion, mostly from non-white and female firefighters and officers, hired and promoted beyond their capabilities. His job in the Arson Bureau takes him all over town, and he confirmed that fires that would have been handled quickly and efficiently in the past now get out of hand and become greater alarms.

What has happened to the smooth-running department that I joined nearly 30 years ago? Why have the Eds of my first fire been replaced by all-too-many slackers, dullards, and women who can't pull their own weight? Water weighs eight and one third pounds per gallon, and always will. So why are we saddled with undersized quota hires who can't drag water-filled hose lines, and are a liability in the six-man lift when we need to raise a 50-foot wooden ladder that weighs over four hundred pounds?

Why must I take orders from a quota-hire black lieutenant who went to a parking lot, looking for a "Cadillac" when he should have been looking for a "cardiac"? What kind of grade did a quota-hire black get on his entrance examination when he writes on an injury report, "He jump out the window and have sprangs in his angle"? And what is the IQ of another quota-hire black who wrote on an incident report, "The deceased greeted us at the door"? And what of the affirmative-action black who said he could interpret to a Hispanic woman what a fire had done to her kitchen, and told her "El stovo broko"?

One failure of affirmative action had fatal results. An inexperienced black lieutenant quota-hire didn't recognize the signs of an impending back-draft (explosion). Eight other firefighters had thrown themselves to the floor to avoid the heat that was sure to come (later estimated at 2000 degrees), but the medical examiner's report said the man had been standing up, and had not properly used his protective clothing. Shouts from the firefighter smashing in the door to "hit the floor," along with the eerie calm that precedes a back-draft were wasted on this unfortunate man, who was in over his depth. Affirmative-action literally killed him.

There was a bitter epilogue to this incident. As they always do, hundreds of firefighters from the entire region attended the funeral to pay respects to a fallen comrade. The crowd spilled into the aisles and rear of the church. The former president of the San Francisco Black Firefighters Association—who was hired and given four promotions because he is black—took the opportunity to lecture the congregation about racism. It is a miracle no one walked out.

The Mission of the Department

The mission of our department is to protect property and save lives, but judges and other unelected bureaucrats have decided that race- and sex-based hiring is more important than fighting fires. Standards of strength, size, and intelligence, have all been lowered in the name of diversity. The cost has been great.

The San Francisco Fire Department started its first race-based hiring program in 1970, just six years after the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which was supposed to have ruled out race as a job qualification. Historically, the city had banned only women from the department, and there had been Hispanics on the force for decades. Blacks and Asians began to join in the mid-1950s, but their numbers did not satisfy the ethnic bean counters. Then, as now, the charge was that an "old boy network" explained the predominance of Irish, Italians, and Germans in the department.

In an attempt to remedy imagined wrongs, the city established something called the Fire Safety Technician (FST) program. The U.S. Department of Labor took a close interest in it because if it proved successful, it could be a model for departments all over the country. The program was to be restricted to non-whites and—this was crucial—they were exempted from taking the standard civil service examination.

The exam I took in 1965 had been given since about 1950, and was nearly identical in scope and difficulty to the test I took in 1959 to get into San Francisco State University. The problem for non-whites had never been an "old boy network"; Asians just didn't take the test and the blacks who took it usually failed.

The first group of 99 potential FSTs was cut down to 23 through literacy and background checks. That left 17 blacks, one Samoan, one Arab, two Hispanics, and two Asians. FSTs were supposed to have disadvantaged

backgrounds, but this was a joke. One candidate's father was a doctor, another was a high-placed civil servant, and at least two had parents who were wealthy property-owners. Some of these "disadvantaged" men had graduated from UC Berkeley and the University of San Francisco.

The idea was that FSTs would go through special training that would bring them up to the level of men who had passed the civil service examination, and they would then be put in the field as full-fledged firefighters. After a year, they would take a follow-up examination to see if they should be kept in the department. More than 20 years later, that exam has yet to be given.

How did the first class do? Within three years, the Samoan had gone back to Samoa, leaving an unpaid loan of more than $10,000 from the Firefighter Credit Union. When the Arab failed to understand a telephone message about a possible heart attack, he was sent to a community college to improve his English. This so upset him that he sued the department and the city, and *got a stress disability pension*. One of the Hispanics had simply walked away from the job, and the other had died on duty—from an overdose of heroin. Six of the blacks have been fired or suspended for alcohol or drugs.

Those who were still on the job were not doing very well either. The first promotions to which an entry-level firefighter can aspire are lieutenant, Arson Inspector, or Fire Prevention Inspector (which involves inspecting buildings for possible fire hazards). By the early 1980s, it was clear that none of the FSTs was preparing for the difficult examinations that must be passed to get these jobs, but an unexpected solution to their stagnating careers presented itself. The Bureau of Fire Prevention had suffered a rash of retirements, transfers, and promotions, and suddenly needed more inspectors.

Until then, the only way to become an inspector had been to get one of the top scores on the Bureau of Fire Prevention exam. Firefighters spend months and even years studying regulations and building codes in order to do well on the exam, and for good reason. Inspectors are paid 20 percent more than ordinary firefighters, do not have to work at night, and do not have to risk their lives fighting fires.

This time, inspectors were chosen differently. The examination was waived, and selection was based on the seniority of those who volunteered for the job. It sounded like a once-in-a-lifetime chance for an easy

promotion, and it was—but not for whites. Every one of the 10 new no-exam inspectors was non-white: six blacks and an Asian from the FST program, and three other blacks with less seniority. When white volunteers with more seniority than those chosen asked what happened to their applications, the Chief of Fire Prevention told them they were "the wrong color."

Fire Prevention Inspectors spend most of their time out of the office, presumably inspecting buildings. By 1987, it became common knowledge in the department that the Asian was working in his mother's real estate office when he was supposed to be on duty, and that some of the blacks had rented a house, where they went to avoid work. The Asian and at least one of the blacks may never have visited any of the 600 buildings assigned to them that year and were filing false inspection reports. One claimed to have inspected 200 buildings in a single day, whereas a typical daily total for a conscientious inspector is fifteen.

By late 1987, the scandal was too widely-known to ignore and the department reluctantly conducted an internal investigation. Political correctness triumphed: No action was taken against the Asian and the black; instead, *their white supervisor was reprimanded for not managing them properly*.

Early in 1988, a black and an Asian inspector, still under a cloud despite their official exoneration, claimed to have found a swastika in their office. Racial pressure groups and the liberal media made an enormous stink out of this incident, which "proved" there was racism in the department. The two inspectors filed suit for three million dollars in "stress" damages. Two other inspectors who shared the same office (one of whom was Jewish) told everyone that the incident had been staged, but no one was listening.

The FBI was called in, with much fanfare, and eventually exposed the hoax. The media suddenly went quiet, and the inspectors dropped their $3-million suit. Two months later, the black was *promoted to lieutenant*. The Asian has been on unpaid sick leave since mid-1992. Such have been the results of the department's first try at race-based hiring.

Women in the Department

Although blacks were clamoring for special treatment in the early 1970s, the department didn't hire women until 1987. By 1995, thanks to

drastically reduced size, strength, and agility standards, San Francisco had hired more women firefighters than nearly any city in the country. Stories of physical weakness and actual cowardice are now legion. When the rats and cockroaches are running out of a burning building, some women find novel reasons to join them.

For example, some distaff firefighters have let all the compressed air out of their portable air packs, which means they have to go outside and get a new bottle. Others decide to take up the self-appointed and utterly unnecessary task of following hose lines from hydrant to pumper and pumper to building, while their crew mates are inside putting water on the fire. At another fire, a woman who had just climbed a 50-foot ladder onto a roof announced that she was "dehydrated," and promptly climbed down again to get a drink of water.

I remember when the first Asian woman was hired in the early 1990s—it was front-page news. One local paper called her the Jackie Robinson of the SFFD, who had cracked that old devil, the color line. Her first fire—a smoldering sofa and the wall behind it, which could have been handled with a five-gallon portable pump can—revealed the truth. When she and her crew got back to quarters they sat with coffee and, following custom, critiqued their performance at the fire. While they talked, she sat alone, near tears, asking herself why she had chosen this terrible job, moaning about her frightening experience.

At her next fire, she was part of the first engine company to arrive at a small hotel with the fire confined to one set of rooms. Realizing how shaky our Asian-American heroine actually was, her officer gave her the least dangerous assignment. As they rushed in the front door she was to connect one end of a 100-foot hose to a standpipe water outlet in the hallway while they took the business end directly to the rooms on fire. As they crouched in the doorway waiting for the water, things began to heat up. "Give us the water; where's the damn water?" they yelled down the hall to the woman.

The water never came. It got so hot the men were driven from the building, barely able to save their hose. They found the woman outside wandering around doing make-work—picking up axes and straightening hose. Naturally they wanted to know why she hadn't given them water. She said she had been told in training that if it gets too hot, just leave. So she left her crew in the hot spot without even connecting to the water source.

Thankfully, she has been taken from the field and given the position of fire prevention inspector. This much-desired job entails no night work, no danger, brings a 10 percent raise and is awarded only after months of study and successful performance on a competitive examination. Somehow, she never had to take the test.

Some women are simply too weak to raise even the 24-foot ladder, one of the lightest in use. A local Spanish television station came by one day to film the city's first Latina firefighter during her mandatory daily drills. They politely excused themselves and left after she repeatedly dropped the ladder on her own head. Later, when her officer gently suggested that she start a weight training program, she accused him of sexism and filed a written complaint.

At present, this lady holds the fourth highest rank in the SFFD, having been hand-picked by the black, politically correct, Chief of the Department to head the diversity training programs for the SFFD. Her accelerated promotion from "lieutenant" (also an affirmative action quota gift promotion) to Deputy Assistant Chief was an unparalleled four-rank leap. It took her only eight years to rise to the lofty station of fourth in command in a 1,500-member department—a level rarely reached in fewer than 20 years and only through competitive examination.

Apparently the pressure is proving too much for her. She has been stopped twice by the police for drunk driving. Both times she was in uniform, behind the wheel of an official fire department sedan. First-time on-duty drunk driving normally carries a penalty of 60 days without pay; a second offense has been known to result in termination. So far, this inspiration to womanhood, hired and promoted far beyond her knowledge and experience, has suffered no penalty.

The undeserved weight of command has taken a toll on other women officers as well. One lady lieutenant and the engine crew she commanded were first to arrive at a house fire in a living room over a garage. Standard SFFD practice required her to take her crew with hoses up the front stairs, kick in the door, and put out the fire. She made a chicken-hearted assessment and changed tactics. After telling her crew to "Get back, it's too hot," she ordered them to attempt to break the living room windows with the hose stream, hoping the water would magically find its way to the fire. It didn't; in fact the windows wouldn't even break.

The second-arriving lieutenant and his crew knew what to do. They shouldered her aside, took her hose from her, ran up the stairs, kicked in the door and put out the fire. The embarrassed woman officer did the expected and filed a complaint with the department's EEOC office, claiming that the brutish crew made sexist remarks when they took her hose and put out the fire. Back in quarters, after the fire, the cowardly woman officer, thinking she was alone, was seen in tears, muttering to herself and punching herself in the face. At the next annual SFFD charity chili cook-off, one group of chefs wanted to use her warning, "Get back, it's too hot!" as their motto but decided against it for fear of another EEOC complaint.

There was another lady lieutenant who was so short she couldn't push the overhead door to the compartment containing the portable air packs to the open position above her head. The door kept coming down on her helmeted head and she couldn't take her air pack from its storage rack. When passersby noticed her plight, they began to giggle and make unflattering remarks. This caused the young officer such distress she abandoned her air pack, went around to the other side of the hook and ladder, sat on the running board and hid. She never joined her crew inside the burning building.

Women like her are in the department only because physical standards are so watered down they are virtually meaningless. One requires the applicant to raise a 24-foot wooden ladder to vertical. To make it easier for the new breed of diverse firefighters, the base of the ladder is attached to the ground *with a metal hinge*. No one seems worried that there are no metal hinges bolted to the sidewalks in front of buildings in San Francisco.

Another test requires the applicant to drag a 40-pound cloth dummy across a polished cement floor and out the door. Needless to say, the average person removed from a burning building weighs a lot more than 40 pounds and may prefer to be carried rather than dragged. If there is any dragging it is usually across a wet carpet.

When I talk to women about the pre-female test I had to pass nearly 30 years ago, their eyes bulge; not one that I have spoken to thinks she could have passed. The new non-standards apply to men, too, so we have weaklings of both sexes.

Reporters once asked former New York City Mayor Ed Koch about diversity in his department. He said he was more interested in whether someone could get a 200-pound mayor out of a burning building. The

SFFD, however, is run by people who think like Gloria Steinem who, in a television interview, said she didn't care if women were not strong enough to carry people over their shoulders out of burning buildings. Presumably she would be happy being dragged down stairs by her ankles, banging her head on each step, so long as she were dragged by a woman.

The best women are mostly lesbians. We have a group of athletic, outgoing, sock-you-in-the-arm women who are eager to at least try to perform at an acceptable level, without whining, without ducking work, and without filing frivolous sex-bias suits. They're not as good as the pre-affirmative action men, but they can do the job.

Of course, there are exceptions among the lesbians. One was a mean-spirited, scowling, probable sociopath, who was lionized in the press as the first women and first lesbian to make lieutenant. It usually takes ten or 12 years for a firefighter to move up to that rank, but the department was under tremendous pressure from a consent decree, and promoted her after just two years.

She sued the department, making the astonishing claim that she had been sexually harassed in 20 of the 25 stations in which she had worked. The jury ignored the testimony of more than 40 witnesses against her, and awarded her $300,000 in damages. Fortunately, she is now looking for another job, because one of the conditions of the settlement was that she resign. She had such a foul disposition that even other lesbians in the department called her "the unhappiest dyke" they had ever met.

The consciousness of race and sex that now pervades the department has proven to be a remarkable temptation for minority and women firefighters looking for financial rewards via the courts. A copy of *Playboy* on a dormitory table becomes sexual harassment. A reference to eating watermelon becomes racial discrimination, as does demanding that a minority fire inspector show up on time at the office. If you ask real questions when a "facilitator" is conducting a diversity workshop, that's racial intimidation.

There have been hundreds of complaints filed with the department's EEOC office in the last decade. Each incident must be investigated according to EEOC guidelines, each investigation takes weeks, and each costs the SFFD nearly $20,000. Most months there are a dozen or more on-going investigations. These terrible costs have eaten into the firefighting

budget so badly that the department no longer has enough money for uniforms and safety shoes.

Some investigations have paid off handsomely for those who can find "racism" around every corner. In the late 1980s, when the four blacks in a training class of 30 were repeatedly making perfect scores on the weekly written exams yet failing their field trials, an investigation revealed that a black instructor had been giving them the test questions ahead of time. When this stopped, test scores for the blacks nose-dived. Neither the instructor nor the four cheaters were reprimanded.

And they got the last laugh. A couple of years after graduating from the Division of Training the four filed an EEOC complaint, claiming that they had been unfairly stigmatized as "cheaters." A court *ruled in their favor* and the City of San Francisco was forced to give each of them $35,000.

These are just a few of the sorry results of affirmative action. I used to talk to older, retired firefighters about what had happened to the cohesive, top-notch department they used to work for. Eventually they told me to stop; hearing about it just made them sick.

It is impossible to know how often it has happened, but quota hiring has undoubtedly meant that people have died who did not have to die. Buildings burned that did not have to burn. This is the price that all fire departments pay for race-based hiring schemes that lower standards, reward incompetence, overlook violations, and destroy morale.

In 1996 Mr. Batz retired after 30 years in the SFFD. His father, great-uncle, and uncle were also San Francisco firefighters. This article first appeared in the September 1998 issue of American Renaissance.

INSTITUTIONS

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A White Teacher Speaks Out

What Is It Like to Teach Black Students?

by Christopher Jackson

I recall a bad joke that explains, in crude terms, the relationship between blacks and whites in America today:

"What do you call a white man surrounded by 20 blacks?"
"Coach."

"What do you call a white man surrounded by 1,000 blacks?"
"Warden."

I might add another line to this joke:

"What do you call a white man surrounded by 30 blacks?"
"Teacher."

Until recently I taught at a predominantly black high school in a southeastern state. I took the job because I wasn't knowledgeable about race at the time, and black schools aren't picky. The school offered me a job and suddenly I was in darkest Africa. Except, I wasn't in Africa; I was in America.

Blacks outnumbered whites about five to one at this school and there were hardly any Hispanics. Some of my classes were all-black, or nearly so, because the gifted and advanced classes siphoned off most of the white students and I taught regular classes. There were some black teachers but the majority were white.

Most of the blacks I taught were from the area. They did not tend to travel very much, and I am sure there are regional differences in the ways in

which blacks speak and act. However, I suspect my experiences were generally typical, certainly for Southern blacks.

The mainstream press gives a hint of what conditions are like in black schools, but only a hint. Expressions journalists use like “chaotic” or “poor learning environment” or “lack of discipline” do not capture what really happens. There is nothing like the day-to-day experience of teaching black children and that is what I will try to convey.

Noise

Most whites simply do not know what black people are like in large numbers, and the first encounter can be a shock. One of the most immediately striking things about my students was that they were loud. They had little conception of ordinary white decorum. It was not unusual for five blacks to be screaming at me at once. Instead of calming down and waiting for a lull in the din to make their point—something that occurs to even the dimmest white students—blacks just tried to yell over each other.

It did no good to try to quiet them, and white women were particularly inept at trying. I sat in on one woman’s class as she begged the children to pipe down. They just yelled louder so their voices would carry over hers.

Many of my black students would repeat themselves over and over again—just louder. It was as if they suffered from Tourette syndrome. They seemed to have no conception of waiting for an appropriate time to say something. They would get ideas in their heads and simply had to shout them out. I might be leading a discussion on government and suddenly be interrupted: “We gotta get more Democrats! Clinton, she good!” The student may seem content with that outburst but two minutes later, he would suddenly start yelling again: “Clinton good!”

Anyone who is around young blacks will get a constant diet of rap music. Blacks often make up their own jingles, and it was not uncommon for 15 black boys to swagger into a classroom, bouncing their shoulders and jiving back and forth, rapping 15 different sets of words in the same harsh, rasping dialect. The words were almost invariably a childish form of boasting: “Who got dem shine rim, who got dem shine shoe, who got dem shine grill (gold and silver dental caps)?” The amateur rapper usually ends with a claim—in the crudest terms imaginable—that all womankind is sexually devoted to him. For whatever reason, my students would often

groan instead of saying a particular word, as in, “She suck dat aaahhhh (think of a long grinding groan), she f**k dat aaaahhhh, she lick dat aaaahhh.”

Many rap lyrics are crude but some are simply incomprehensible. Not so long ago, there was a popular rap called “Tat it up.” I heard the words from hundreds of black mouths for weeks. Some of the lyrics are:

- *Tat tat tat it up.*
- *ATL tat it up.*
- *New York tat it up.*
- *Tat tat tat it up.*

Rap is one of the most degenerate things to have come out of our country, and it is tragic that it has infected whites to the extent it has.

Black women love to dance—in a way white people might call gyrating. They dance in the hall, in the classroom, on the chairs, next to the chairs, under the chairs, everywhere. Once I took a call on my cell phone and had to step outside of class. I was away about two minutes but when I got back the black girls had lined up at the front of the classroom and were convulsing to the delight of the boys.

Many black people, especially black women, are enormously fat. Some are so fat I had to arrange special seating to accommodate their bulk. I am not saying there are no fat white students—there are—but it is a matter of numbers and attitudes. Many black girls simply do not care that they are fat. There are plenty of white anorexics, but I have never met or heard of a black anorexic.

“Black women be big Mr. Jackson,” my students would explain.

“Is it okay in the black community to be a little overweight?” I ask.

Two obese black girls in front of my desk begin to dance, “You know dem boys lak juicy fruit, Mr. Jackson.” “Juicy” is a colorful black expression for the buttocks.

Blacks are the most directly critical people I have ever met: “Dat shirt stupid. Yo’ kid a bastard. Yo’ lips big.” Unlike whites, who tread gingerly around the subject of race, they can be brutally to the point. Once I needed to send a student to the office to deliver a message. I asked for volunteers, and suddenly you would think my classroom was a bastion of civic

engagement. Thirty dark hands shot into the air. My students loved to leave the classroom and slack off, even if just for a few minutes, away from the eye of white authority. I picked a light-skinned boy to deliver the message. One very black student was indignant: "You pick da half-breed." And immediately other blacks take up the cry, and half a dozen mouths are screaming, "He half-breed."

For decades, the country has been lamenting the poor academic performance of blacks and there is much to lament. There is no question, however, that many blacks come to school with a serious handicap that is not their fault. At home they have learned a dialect that is almost a different language. Blacks not only mispronounce words; their grammar is often wrong. When a black wants to ask, "Where is the bathroom?" he may actually say "Whar da badroom be?" Grammatically, this is the equivalent of "Where the bathroom is?" And this is the way they speak in high school. Students write the way they speak, so this is the language that shows up in written assignments.

It is true that some whites face a similar handicap. They speak with what I would call a "country" accent that is hard to reproduce but results in sentences such as "I'm gonna gemme a Coke." Some of these country whites had to learn correct pronunciation and usage. The difference is that most whites overcome this handicap and learn to speak correctly; many blacks do not.

Most of the blacks I taught simply had no interest in school. I taught history, and students would often say they didn't want to do an assignment or they didn't like history because it was all about white people. Of course, this was "diversity" history, in which every cowboy's black cook got a special page on how he contributed to winning the West, but black children still found it inadequate. So I would throw up my hands and assign them a project on a real, historical black person. My favorite was Marcus Garvey. They had never heard of him, and I would tell them to research him, but they never did. They didn't care and they didn't want to do any work.

Anyone who teaches blacks soon learns that they have a completely different view of government from whites. Once I decided to fill 25 minutes by having students write about one thing the government should do to improve America. I gave this question to three classes totalling about 100 students, approximately 80 of whom were black. My few white students came back with generally "conservative" ideas. "We need to cut off people

who don't work," was the most common suggestion. Nearly every black gave a variation on the theme of "We need more government services."

My students had only the vaguest notion of who pays for government services. For them, it was like a magical piggy bank that never goes empty. One black girl was exhorting the class on the need for more social services and I kept trying to explain that people, real live people, are taxed for the money to pay for those services. "Yeah, it come from whites," she finally said. "They stingy anyway."

"Many black people make over $50,000 dollars a year and you would also be taking away from your own people," I said.

She had an answer to that: "Dey half breed." The class agreed. I let the subject drop.

Many black girls are perfectly happy to be welfare queens. On career day, one girl explained to the class that she was going to have lots of children and get fat checks from the government. No one in the class seemed to have any objection to this career choice.

Surprising attitudes can come out in class discussion. We were talking about the crimes committed in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, and I brought up the rape of a young girl in the bathroom of the Superdome. A majority of my students believed this was a horrible crime but a few took it lightly. One black boy spoke up without raising his hand: "Dat no big deal. They thought they is gonna die so they figured they have some fun. Dey jus' wanna have a fun time; you know what I'm sayin'?" A few black heads nodded in agreement.

My department head once asked all the teachers to get a response from all students to the following question: "Do you think it is okay to break the law if it will benefit you greatly?" By then, I had been teaching for a while and was not surprised by answers that left a young, liberal, white woman colleague aghast. "Yeah" was the favorite answer. As one student explained, "Get dat green."

There is a level of conformity among blacks that whites would find hard to believe. They like one kind of music: rap. They will vote for one political party: Democrat. They dance one way, speak one way, are loud the same way, and fail their exams in the same way. Of course, there are exceptions but they are rare.

Whites are different. Some like country music, others heavy metal, some prefer pop, and still others, God forbid, enjoy rap music. They have

different associations, groups, almost ideologies. There are jocks, nerds, preppies, and hunters. Blacks are all—well—black, and they are quick to let other blacks know when they deviate from the norm.

One might object that there are important group differences among blacks that a white man simply cannot detect. I have done my best to find them, but so far as I can tell, they dress the same, talk the same, think the same. Certainly, they form rival groups, but the groups are not different in any discernible way. There simply are no groups of blacks that are as distinctly different from each other as white "nerds," "hunters," or "Goths," for example.

How the World Looks to Blacks

One point on which all blacks agree is that everything is "racis'." This is one message of liberalism they have absorbed completely. Did you do your homework? "Na, homework racis'." Why did you get an F on the test? "Test racis'."

I was trying to teach a unit on British philosophers and the first thing the students noticed about Bentham, Hobbes, and Locke was "Dey all white! Where da black philosopher a'?" I tried to explain there were no blacks in eighteenth-century Britain. You can probably guess what they said to that: "Dat racis'!"

One student accused me of deliberately failing him on a test because I didn't like black people.

"Do you think I really hate black people?"

"Yeah."

"Have I done anything to make you feel this way? How do you know?"

"You just do."

"Why do you say that?"

He just smirked, looked out the window, and sucked air through his teeth. Perhaps this was a regional thing, but the blacks often sucked air through their teeth as a wordless expression of disdain or hostility.

My students were sometimes unable to see the world except through the lens of their own blackness. I had a class that was host to a German exchange student. One day he put on a Power Point presentation with famous German landmarks as well as his school and family. From time to time during the presentation, blacks would scream, "Where da black folk?!"

The exasperated German tried several times to explain that there were no black people where he lived in Germany. The students did not believe him. I told them Germany is in Europe, where white people are from, and Africa is where black people are from. They insisted that the German student was racist, and deliberately refused to associate with blacks.

Blacks are keenly interested in their own racial characteristics. I have learned, for example, that some blacks have "good hair." Good hair is black parlance for black-white hybrid hair. Apparently, it is less kinky, easier to style, and considered more attractive.

Blacks are also proud of light skin. Imagine two black students shouting insults across the room. One is dark but slim; the other light and obese. The dark one begins the exchange: "You fat, Ridario!"

Ridario smiles, doesn't deign to look at his detractor, shakes his head like a wobbling top, and says, "You wish you light skinned."

They could go on like this, repeating the same insults over and over.

My black students had nothing but contempt for Hispanic immigrants. They would vent their feelings so crudely that our department strongly advised us never to talk about immigration in class in case the principal or some outsider might overhear.

Whites were "racis'," of course, but they thought of us at least as Americans. Not the Mexicans. Blacks have a certain, not necessarily hostile understanding of white people. They know how whites act, and it is clear they believe whites are smart and are good at organizing things. At the same time, they probably suspect whites are just putting on an act when they talk about equality, as if it is all a sham that makes it easier for whites to control blacks. Blacks want a bigger piece of the American pie. I'm convinced that if it were up to them they would give whites a considerably smaller piece than whites get now, but they would give us something. They wouldn't give Mexicans anything.

What about black boys and white girls? No one is supposed to notice this or talk about it but it is glaringly obvious: Black boys are obsessed with white girls. White parents would do well to keep their daughters well away from black schools. I've witnessed the following drama countless times. A black boy saunters up to a white girl. The cocky black dances around her, not really in a menacing way. It's more a shuffle than a threat. As he bobs and shuffles he asks, "When you gonna go wit' me?"

There are two kinds of reply. The more confident white girl gets annoyed, looks away from the black and shouts, “I don’t wanna go out with you!” The more demure girl will look at her feet and mumble a polite excuse but ultimately say no. There is only one response from the black boy: “You racis’.” Many girls—all too many—actually feel guilty because they do not want to date blacks. Most white girls at my school stayed away from blacks, but a few, particularly the ones who were addicted to drugs, fell in with them.

There is something else that is striking about blacks. They seem to have no sense of romance, of falling in love. What brings men and women together is sex, pure and simple, and there is a crude openness about this. There are many degenerate whites, of course, but some of my white students were capable of real devotion and tenderness, emotions that seemed absent from blacks—especially the boys.

Black schools are violent and the few whites who are too poor to escape are caught in the storm. The violence is astonishing, not so much that it happens, but the atmosphere in which it happens. Blacks can be smiling, seemingly perfectly content with what they are doing, having a good time, and then, suddenly start fighting. It’s uncanny. Not long ago, I was walking through the halls and a group of black boys were walking in front of me. All of a sudden they started fighting with another group in the hallway.

Blacks are extraordinarily quick to take offense. Once I accidently scuffed a black boy’s white sneaker with my shoe. He immediately rubbed his body up against mine and threatened to attack me. I stepped outside the class and had a security guard escort the student to the office. It was unusual for students to threaten teachers physically this way, but among themselves, they were quick to fight for similar reasons.

The real victims are the unfortunate whites caught in this. They are always in danger and their educations suffer. White weaklings are particularly susceptible, but mostly to petty violence. They may be slapped or get a couple of kicks when they are trying to open a bottom locker. Typically, blacks save the hard, serious violence for each other.

There was a lot of promiscuous sex among my students and this led to violence. Black girls were constantly fighting over black boys. It was not uncommon to see two girls literally ripping each other’s hair out with a police officer in the middle trying to break up the fight. The black boy they

were fighting over would be standing by with a smile, enjoying the show he had created. For reasons I cannot explain, boys seldom fought over girls.

Pregnancy was common among the blacks, though many black girls were so fat I could not tell the difference. I don't know how many girls got abortions, but when they had the baby they usually stayed in school and had their own parents look after the child. The school did not offer daycare.

Aside from the police officers constantly on patrol, a sure sign that you are in a black school is the coke cage: the chain-link fence that many majority-black schools use to protect vending machines. The cage surrounds the machine and even covers its top. Delivery employees have to unlock a gate on the front of the cage to service the machines. Companies would prefer not to build cages around vending machines. They are expensive, ugly, and a bother, but black students smashed the machines so many times it was cheaper to build a cage than repair the damage. Rumor had it that before the cages went up blacks would turn the machines upside down in the hope that the money would fall out.

Security guards are everywhere in black schools—we had one on every hall. They also sat in on unruly classes and escorted students to the office. They were unarmed, but worked closely with the three city police officers who were constantly on duty.

Rural black schools have to have security too but they are usually safer. One reason is that the absolute numbers are smaller. A mostly-black school of 300 students is safer than a mostly-black school of 2,000. Also, students in rural areas—both black and white—tend to have grown up together and know each other, at least by sight.

There was a lot of drug-dealing at my school. This was a good way to make a fair amount of money but it also gave boys power over girls who wanted drugs. An addicted girl—black or white—became the plaything of anyone who could get her drugs.

One of my students was a notorious drug dealer. Everyone knew it. He was 19 years old and in eleventh grade. Once he got a score of three out of 100 on a test. He had been locked up four times since he was 13, and there he was sitting next to little, white Caroline.

One day, I asked him, "Why do you come to school?"

He wouldn't answer. He just looked out the window, smiled, and sucked air through his teeth. His friend Yidarius ventured an explanation: "He get dat green and get dem females."

"What is the green?" I asked. "Money or dope?"

"Both," said Yidarius with a smile.

A very fat black interrupted from across the room: "We get dat lunch," Mr. Jackson. "We gotta get dat lunch and brickfuss." He means the free breakfast and lunch poor students get every day.

"Nigga, we know'd you be lovin' brickfuss!" shouts another student.

Some readers may believe that I have drawn a cruel caricature of black students. After all, according to official figures some 85 percent of them graduate. It would be instructive to know how many of those scraped by with barely a C- record. They go from grade to grade and they finally get their diplomas because there is so much pressure on teachers to push them through. It saves money to move them along, the school looks good, and the teachers look good. Many of these children should have been failed, but the system would crack under their weight if they were all held back.

How did my experiences make me feel about blacks? Ultimately, I lost sympathy for them. In so many ways they seem to make their own beds. There they were in an integrationist's fantasy—in the same classroom with white students, eating the same lunch, using the same bathrooms, listening to the same teachers—and yet the blacks fail while the whites pass.

One tragic outcome among whites who have been teaching for too long is that it can engender something close to hatred. One teacher I knew gave up fast food—not for health reasons but because where he lived most fast-food workers were black. He had enough of blacks on the job. This was an extreme example, but years of frustration can take their toll. Many of my white colleagues with any experience were well on their way to that state of mind.

There is an unutterable secret among teachers: Almost all realize that blacks do not respond to traditional white instruction. Does that put the lie to environmentalism? Not at all. It is what brings about endless, pointless innovation that is supposed to bring blacks up to the white level.

The solution is more diversity—or put more generally, the solution is *change*. Change is an almost holy word in education, and you can fail a million times as long as you keep changing. That is why liberals keep revamping the curriculum and the way it is taught. For example, teachers are told that blacks need hands-on instruction and more group work. Teachers are told that blacks are more vocal and do not learn through

reading and lectures. The implication is that they have certain traits that lend themselves to a different kind of teaching.

Whites have learned a certain way for centuries but it just doesn't work with blacks. Of course, this implies racial differences but if pressed, most liberal teachers would say different racial learning styles come from some indefinable cultural characteristic unique to blacks. Therefore, schools must change, America must change. But into what? How do you turn quantum physics into hands-on instruction or group work? No one knows, but we must keep changing until we find something that works.

Public school has certainly changed since anyone reading this was a student. I have a friend who teaches elementary school, and she tells me that every week the students get a new diversity lesson, shipped in fresh from some bureaucrat's office in Washington or the state capital. She showed me the materials for one week: a large poster, about the size of a forty-two inch flat-screen television. It shows an utterly diverse group—I mean diverse: handicapped, Muslim, Jewish, effeminate, poor, rich, brown, slightly brown, yellow, etc.—sitting at a table, smiling gaily, accomplishing some undefined task. The poster comes with a sheet of questions the teacher is supposed to ask. One might be: "These kids sure look different, but they look happy. Can you tell me which one in the picture is an American?"

Some eight-year-old, mired in ignorance, will point to a white child like himself. "That one."

The teacher reads from the answer, conveniently printed along with the question. "No, Billy, *all* these children are Americans. They are just as American as you."

The children get a snack, and the poster goes up on the wall until another one comes a week later. This is what happens at predominately white, middle-class, elementary schools everywhere.

Elementary school teachers love *All of the Colors of the Race*, by award-winning children's poet Arnold Adoff. These are some of the lines they read to the children: "Mama is chocolate. . . Daddy is vanilla . . . Me (sic) is better . . . It is a new color. It is a new flavor. For love. Sometimes blackness seems too black for me, and whiteness is too sickly pale; and I wish every one were golden. Remember: long ago before people moved and migrated, and mixed and matched ... there was one people: one color, one race. The colors are flowing from what was before me to what will be after. All the colors."

Teaching as a career

It may come as a surprise after what I have written, but my experiences have given me a deep appreciation for teaching as a career. It offers a stable, middle-class life but comes with the capacity to make real differences in the lives of children. In our modern, atomized world children often have very little communication with adults—especially, or even, with their parents—so there is potential for a real transaction between pupil and teacher, disciple and master.

A rewarding relationship can grow up between an exceptional, interested student and his teacher. I have stayed in my classroom with a group of students discussing ideas and playing chess until the janitor kicked us out. I was the old gentleman, imparting my history, culture, personal loves and triumphs, defeats and failures to young kinsman. Sometimes I fancied myself Tyrtaeus, the Spartan poet, who counseled the youth to honor and loyalty. I never had this kind intimacy with a black student, and I know of no other white teacher who did.

Teaching can be fun. For a certain kind of person it is exhilarating to map out battles on chalkboards, and teach heroism. It is rewarding to challenge liberal prejudices, to leave my mark on these children, but what I aimed for with my white students I could never achieve with the blacks.

There is a kind of child whose look can melt your heart: some working-class castaway, in and out of foster homes, often abused, who is nevertheless almost an angel. Your heart melts for these children, this refuse of the modern world. Many white students possess a certain innocence; their cheeks still blush.

Try as I might, I could not get the blacks to care one bit about Beethoven or Sherman's march to the sea, or Tyrtaeus, or Oswald Spengler, or even liberals like John Rawls, or their own history. They cared about nothing I tried to teach them. When this goes on year after year it chokes the soul out of a teacher, destroys his pathos, and sends him guiltily searching for *The Bell Curve* on the Internet.

Blacks break down the intimacy that can be achieved in the classroom, and leave you convinced that that intimacy is really a form of kinship. Without intending to, they destroy what is most beautiful—whether it be your belief in human equality, your daughter's innocence, or even the state of the hallway.

Just last year I read on the bathroom stall the words "F**k Whitey." Not two feet away, on the same stall, was a small swastika. The writing on that wall somehow symbolized the futility of integration. No child should be have to try to learn in such conditions. It was not racists who created those conditions and it wasn't poverty either; it was ignorant, white liberals. It reminds me of Nietzsche: "I call an animal, a species, an individual corrupt, when it loses its instincts, when it *prefers* what is injurious to it."

One often hears from egalitarians that it doesn't matter what color predominates in a future America so long as we preserve our values, since we are a "proposition nation." Even if we were prepared to hand over our country to aliens who were going to "preserve our values," it simply cannot be done with blacks.

The National Council for the Social Studies, the leading authority on social science education in the United States, urges teachers to inculcate such values as equality of opportunity, individual property rights, and a democratic form of government. Even if teachers could inculcate this milquetoast ideology into whites, liberalism is doomed because so many non-whites are not receptive to education of any kind beyond the merest basics. Many of my students were functionally illiterate. It is impossible to get them to care about such abstractions as property rights or democratic citizenship. They do not see much further than the fact that you live in a big house and "we in da pro-jek." Of course, there are a few loutish whites who will never think past their next meal and a few sensitive blacks for whom anything is possible, but no society takes on the characteristics of its exceptions.

Once I asked my students, "What do you think of the Constitution?"

"It white," one slouching black rang out. The class began to laugh. And I caught myself laughing along with them, laughing while Pompeii's volcano simmers, while the barbarians swell around the Palatine, while the country I love, and the job I love, and the community I love become dimmer by the day.

I read a book by an expatriate Rhodesian who visited Zimbabwe not too many years ago. Traveling with a companion, she stopped at a store along the highway. A black man materialized next to her car window. "Job, boss, (I) work good, boss," he pleaded. "You give job."

"What happened to your old job?" the expatriate white asked.

The black man replied in the straightforward manner of his race: “We drove out the whites. No more jobs. You give job.”

At some level, my students understand the same thing. One day I asked the bored, black faces staring back at me. “What would happen if all the white people in America disappeared tomorrow?”

“We screwed,” a young, pitch-black boy screamed back. The rest of the blacks laughed.

I have had children tell me to my face as they struggled with an assignment. “I cain’t do dis,” Mr. Jackson. “I black.”

The point is that human beings are not always rational. It is in the black man’s interest to have whites in Zimbabwe but he drives them out and starves. Most whites do not think black Americans could ever do anything so irrational. They see blacks on television smiling, fighting evil whites, embodying white values. But the real black is not on television, and you pull your purse closer when you see him, and you lock the car doors when he swaggers by with his pants hanging down almost to his knees.

For those of you with children, better a smaller house in a white district than a fancy one near a black school. Much better an older car than your most precious jewels cast into a school where they will be a minority.

I have been in parent-teacher conferences that broke my heart: the child pleading with his parents to take him out of school; the parents convinced their child’s fears are groundless. If you love your child, show her you care —not by giving her fancy vacations or a car, but making her innocent years safe and happy. Give her the gift of a white school.

Of course, even the whitest schools are riddled with liberalism. There is only one way to educate your children in a way that does not poison their minds. If at all possible, home school your children. Educate them yourself.

Mr. Jackson now teaches at a majority-white school. This article first appeared in the July 2009 issue of American Renaissance.

7

Diversity in the Army

A Thin Veneer Covers Serious Trouble

by Duncan Hengest

In the first months of 1991, the United States military annihilated the Iraqi army. After several weeks of air raids and only three days of ground combat, American forces had little more to do but pack up and prepare for a victory parade. More than any other branch of the service, the Army had made the hard climb from its Vietnam abyss to the triumphant force of Desert Storm.

In the Vietnam era, the Army suffered from three major flaws: poorly trained non-commissioned officers, drugs, and racial tension. The victory in the Gulf suggested to the American public that these flaws were fixed and, indeed, two were. The post-Vietnam army started an intense training program for sergeants, and the schooling gets tougher as they move up the ladder. The military also invested heavily in drug screening, and entire units, including senior officers, were put through random drug tests. Specialists were hired to deal with addiction. The last problem, racial tension, however, has been only partly solved.

As 1960s-style integration is increasingly shown to be a myth, the military remains the last bastion of racial mixing, but a thin veneer masks serious trouble. Politicians and pundits brave the wrath of the thought police to keep women out of combat and young troopers away from practicing homosexuals, but no one talks about the problems of race. Despite Hollywood clichés like *Glory*, blacks have often been at best a mixed benefit and at worst a burden to the service. Racial conflict is out of the limelight, and the US Army is an effective fighting force, but trouble can erupt any time.

Non-whites in the armed forces cause three problems. The first is unit and soldier indiscipline. In the past, entire black regiments have behaved

badly, and individual blacks often follow the same pattern. Second, blacks and whites sometimes think and behave differently. Bridging the gap is costly and never entirely successful, and racial divisions sap unit morale. Third, there is the added trouble of other non-white troops. An increasing number of racial and religious minorities can give rise to unique kinds of trouble.

The military was officially desegregated by President Truman in 1948, but segregated regiments weren't broken up in earnest until the first year of the Korean War. The catalyst for this was the poor combat record of black units. Most of the men with World War II experience had left, and the army conscripts were often from the bottom of society. Discipline was poor. Task Force Smith, the first ground combat units to face the North Koreans, was wiped out as an effective fighting force. The white regiments were bad but the black ones were worse. One cannot read about the Korean War without running into tales of black units that were unable to hold together under fire.

The all-black 24th Infantry was notorious for hasty retreats. This unit performed so badly that according to Max Hastings in *The Korean War*, General Walton H. Walker, commander of ground forces in Korea, "recognized that it was possible to use the 24th only as an outpost force, a trip wire in the face of Communist assaults. It proved necessary to maintain another regiment in reserve behind the front, to conduct serious resistance when the 24th broke." (p. 81.) Another all-black unit, the 3rd Battalion of the 9th Infantry, performed disgracefully at the battle of Bloody Ridge in August 1951. In fact, "the 3/9 had done nothing. It had failed miserably in the only real attack it had attempted, and its C.O. … had been on the bottle." (T.R. Fehrenbach, *This Kind of War*, p. 359.)

After the disaster of Bloody Ridge, the Army desegregated its units so that blacks would make up roughly 10 percent of each company, and black soldiers were spread out one or two per squad. This meant no single regiment could be expected to do poorly in combat, but "the social problems, of course, were not solved." (T. R. Fehrenbach, *This Kind of War*, p. 359.)

The Vietnam War was the low point for military race relations, and by 1971 there was conflict wherever soldiers were stationed. Robert Heinl, Jr. described the crisis in an article called "Collapse of the Armed Forces" in the June 7, 1971 issue of *Armed Forces Journal*:

Racial conflicts (most but not all sparked by young black enlisted men) are erupting murderously in all services. At a recent high commanders' conference, General Westmoreland and other senior generals heard the report from Germany that in many units white soldiers are now afraid to enter barracks alone at night for fear of 'head-hunting' ambushes by blacks. In the quoted words of one soldier on duty in West Germany, "I'm much more afraid of getting mugged on the post than I am of getting attacked by the Russians."

Other reports tell of jail-delivery attacks on Army stockades and military police to release black prisoners, and of officers being struck in public by black soldiers. Augsburg, Krailsheim, and Hohenfels are said to be rife with racial trouble. Hohenfels was the scene of a racial fragging last year—one of the few so far recorded outside Vietnam. In Ulm, last fall, a white noncommissioned officer killed a black soldier who was holding a loaded .45 on two unarmed white officers.

Elsewhere, according to *Fortune* magazine, junior officers are now being attacked at night when inspecting barracks containing numbers of black soldiers. Kelley Hill, a Ft. Benning, Ga., barracks area, has been the scene of repeated nighttime assaults on white soldiers. One such soldier bitterly remarked, "Kelley Hill may belong to the commander in the daytime but it belongs to the blacks after dark."

Even the cloistered quarters of WACs have been hit by racial hair-pulling. In one West Coast WAC detachment this year, black women on duty as charge-o-quarters took advantage of their trust to vandalize unlocked rooms occupied by white WACS. On this rampage, they destroyed clothing, emptied drawers, and overturned furniture of their white sisters….

As early as July 1969 the Marines (who had previously enjoyed a highly praised record on race) made headlines at Camp Lejeune, N.C., when a mass affray launched by 30-50 black Marines ended fatally with a white corporal's skull smashed in and 145 other white Marines in the sick bay. That same year, at Newport, R.I., naval station, blacks killed a white petty officer, while in March 1971 the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md., outside Washington, was beset by racial fighting so severe that the base enlisted men's club had to be closed.

Today, tensions are not nearly so bad. An all-volunteer army with standards that weed out the worst offenders is no longer the battleground it once was, but by the late 1990s black and Hispanic gangs were a serious problem. In Killeen, Texas, (outside Fort Hood) military gang members were a danger to civilians. The Army made a thorough effort to stamp out gangs, but the Department of Justice's National Gang Intelligence Center released a 2007 report covering nearly all the notorious non-white street gangs:

> [They] have been documented on military installations both domestically and internationally. These members are present in most branches and across all ranks of the military, but are most common among the junior enlisted ranks. The US Army, Army Reserves, and National Guard are likely to have the most enlisted gang members because they are either the largest branches of the military, the service is part-time, or they tend not to be as selective as the other branches of the armed services.

The report noted that white extremists in the military did kill a black couple in 1996, but after an extensive investigation, the authorities concluded that "there was no widespread or organized extremist activity in the Army," and that "gang-related activities appear to be more pervasive than extremist activity on and near Army installations and are becoming a significant security concern for many soldiers."

Probably the greatest problem with blacks in the Army today is lack of ability, despite armed services qualification tests that wash out a considerably greater proportion of black applicants than white. Before my combat tour I found that blacks only slowly grasped the complex skills necessary for modern warfare. Once, as a passenger on a military bus, I overheard a group of blacks talking about something they all had in common: re-training. If a recruit fails a task, such as assembling a machine gun or operating a radio, he is culled from his squad for re-training. I never heard a knot of white soldiers discussing their common experience of re-training.

Blacks also fail the Army's quite challenging field artillery training course at an appalling rate. Statistics aren't public, but when I was learning the dark voodoo of artillery gunnery at Fort Sill's Officer Basic Course I

was surprised that *all* of the blacks in my platoon who started with me flunked out or "recycled." Likewise, all who graduated with me were "recycles" from earlier courses. These men were not raw 18-year-olds; to get in you had to be a college graduate and get through pre-commissioning training.

This lack of ability makes for problems. One black lieutenant who worked for me in the US needed special training to keep a monthly budget. Although he was a college graduate, he could not figure out how to pay his bills. He made enough money, but he couldn't manage his finances. Soon, creditors were calling the unit, and the situation was an embarrassment for the chain of command.

When I was stationed in Korea, a black major I worked for lead his troops from his barracks room. He would give a few directions by cell phone, and spend the rest of his time watching movies. This lack of face-to-face leadership led to disaster. In the office his outfit used, the ceiling tiles were rotting or missing, with exposed wires hanging down; the desks were covered with dust and garbage. This shabby ethos spread out to the men. The captains were demoralized, new lieutenants untrained. The sergeants worked uphill to maintain standards. Because there was no plan for combat training, the troops were available to be sucked into meaningless work details, such as grass trimming at the base post office.

When I first arrived in Iraq, my night-shift counterpart was a black man with more than 20 years of experience. He had been diagnosed with serious sleep apnea and needed a special breathing machine to help him asleep. A man with this condition should not be in a war zone, but large black men are physically imposing, and often get their way. At his pre-deployment medical screening, he was naturally marked as not-deployable. He took exception to this and nearly came to blows with the doctor. The doctor cleared him.

During the night shift, he collected routine reports and did typical staff work. In the morning I based my work on what he had done, but he wasn't giving me the information or cooperation I needed. I began getting criticism for my section's work, and soon every shift-change briefing we had became a heated argument.

One day this man took offense when I pointed out that every time an artillery shell is fired, it uses up a corresponding powder charge, and that we needed to order both replacement items together. His reply to this

centuries-old observation was to insult me and remind me that I wasn't as "experienced" as he. Matters just got worse. Finally I cornered him on an easy thing he missed, and furiously asked him if he *actually* understood what he was doing. Unable to look me in the eye, he stormed out of the tent.

He got a medical evacuation from Iraq that very day because his breathing machine for sleep apnea suddenly "broke." An enlisted man later told me he had innocently lent the officer a screwdriver that day. In any case, my section was never accused of sloppy work again.

That experience with the black officer was my racial awakening. He was the first of a host of blacks I saw in Iraq who suddenly discovered they had angina, breathing problems, or other hard-to-see "ailments." I'm not a doctor, so I don't know if their complaints were valid, but I always had a gut feeling they were a trick to go home early. Once they are in a war, few people want to stick around, and even fewer want to come back, but in general, the whites I knew left the service only after they had honorably finished their combat tours.

In Iraq, I was repeatedly astonished by the inability of many senior black officers to think through problems. In one case, I asked for increased close air support for an area commonly used by insurgents to fire mortars at American bases. A black officer refused air support, suggesting that we "put snipers in trees" to deal with the mortars. Iraq is a barren desert. The trees are mostly irrigated date palms and cannot support a sniper. That black officer worked hard and was certainly brave, but I am still amazed he came up with that foolishness about snipers. Bad staff work is a tremendous opportunity cost. It took me hours to get fighter-bomber coverage. This was valuable time wasted, and lives were needlessly endangered.

Likewise in Iraq, I had to cool tensions between a white Air National Guard lieutenant colonel and a black warrant officer. The white colonel was a Vietnam vet who had bitter memories of black behavior when he as a young draftee. The warrant officer was essentially worthless. I finally solved the problem simply by keeping the two men apart. I gave the black man no work, and he spent his waking hours playing video games.

Once I saw a black major so befuddled by the unit's vehicle bumper number standard that a five minute maintenance meeting turned into an afternoon marathon. What was the problem? Every combat vehicle in a unit gets a number. It is painted on the front and rear bumpers, and conforms to a standard that places the vehicle in its exact squad. For example, 1-300 IN

K-6 would be the Kilo Company, First Battalion, 300th Infantry Commander's Vehicle. Different units have slightly different numbering standards, but they are not hard to figure out—except for this black major, who was stumped.

He was the operations officer, and his failure to grasp the obvious spread out to more important areas. Soon, battalion-level staff functions slowed to a crawl or just stopped. Routine procedures such as coordinating with Range Control when firing artillery became difficult operations. Eventually nothing worked right. When the head of a 500-man outfit does not have the brains to make common tasks routine or enough respect to make orders stick, things go wrong. The men become grouchy and troublesome. During several training exercises, 155mm artillery shells hit dangerously close to forward observers. Junior officers nicknamed the major "Abortion." He was quietly replaced, but in a way that let him keep moving up.

Not all blacks and other non-whites were disruptive. Many were fantastic soldiers. But I did discover that nearly every major problem, accident, or scandal I saw in the service had a black or Hispanic at the bottom of it.

Black officers are often unsatisfactory but at least they do not usually commit the kinds of crimes common among young black enlisted men. As a peacetime platoon leader, I was always being roped into rape investigations. Invariably the suspects were black. Whites would get drunk and rowdy, but I never knew one to be a rapist. Thanks to these investigations, I learned a new expression: "running a train." This means gang rape, and comes from men standing in line waiting their turn. It is strictly black slang.

One black soldier in my platoon was a good soldier and a hard worker, but he had heavy baggage. He was picked up by the military police for drunk driving, and once he had to have all his combat gear reissued. He said it was stolen, but I suspect he pawned it. Still, he did his job well, and I worked hard to help him when he was indicted for rape in a civilian court. We even sent him home from a deployment a week ahead of his comrades so he could attend court hearings.

On the day of his trial, his platoon sergeant and section chief arrived in court, resplendent in their uniforms, to show support for their man. The judge informed the chain of command that the suspect had not met any of his preliminary court dates, and that he was going to be locked up. We

never learned where he had gone when we sent him home, but he didn't go to court. His commander had to start writing up the paperwork to kick him out of the Army.

Sometimes black officers and leaders do fall into the error of their younger brothers. The Army covered up a serious gang rape scandal when a group of black officers in the 10th Mountain Division videotaped themselves ravishing some female soldiers. The officers were alumni of a black fraternity, and they brought their victims along as part of the entertainment for the fraternity's reunion party. This was on the heels of the Navy's Tailhook scandal in 1991, so the bad press and the racial angle made for a quick high-brass silencing. The black officers were relieved of duty, but the cover up was so effective that I cannot find any trace of this incident on the Internet. I learned the facts from two different veterans of the unit who did not know each other, and who were an ocean apart when they told me their tales.

The 1997 sex/rape scandal at Aberdeen Proving Grounds was widely reported, however, and involved black drill sergeants shaking down female recruits for sex. The same year, the Sergeant Major of the Army, the highest-ranking enlisted man, was court-martialed when six women accused him of pressuring them for sex. Gene McKinney, the first black to serve in that position, was acquitted of sexual harassment but convicted of obstruction of justice.

The military has the same racial crime-rate discrepancies as civilian life. However, the Army has a job to do, and dealing with crime chews up resources. An enormous amount of effort went into the McKinney trial. Is there an important innovation that was not thought up as a result?

In a free society one would expect "whistleblowers" to call attention to black incompetence, but this is rare because of the equal opportunity bureaucracy. The consequences of failing an EO rating are worse than failing the annual marksmanship test. Every evaluation for leaders has a section on support for equal opportunity. A "No" ends any chance of advancement.

Blacks know this, and some are tempted to make false charges of "racism." One quartermaster captain told me he narrowly avoided a serious drubbing after a black first sergeant accused him of calling her and her troops "monkeys." Her outfit ran a warehouse in Iraq, which he was responsible for inspecting. He said the warehouse was a "disaster," and he

thinks the "monkeys" accusation was meant to be a cover up. The accusation didn't go very far, but only because there was a black soldier with the captain who saw it all, and testified that the accusation was false. After that, the captain dealt with the warehouse supervisors through a black subordinate. As he explained to me, he "didn't need any more headaches."

Race causes other wastes. Colin Powell writes in his memoirs about a division commander who ordered every dogface to watch the movie *Brian's Song*. It is about an intense friendship between two football players—one white, the other black—and the commander thought the movie would ease racial tension. The division even sent MPs to round up idle men and bring them to theaters. What counter-insurgency book wasn't written because of *Brian's Song* duty?

There is a different problem with our increasingly "diverse" army. Many non-whites simply don't put forth much effort, and in extreme cases they can be more hostile to whites than to the enemy. A Korean West Point graduate pulled strings to leave his Iraq-bound unit for garrison duty near Seoul, where he became a multicultural "director of community outreach." We were in a war, but he used up taxpayer dollars to take an unnecessary diversity job in Korea.

There are far worse problems than sloughing off. A serious fragging nearly decapitated a brigade of the 101st Airborne at the start of the Iraq War. An American-born black convert to Islam, Hasan Karim Akbar, killed two officers and wounded the brigade commander. In another fragging incident, Staff Sergeant Alberto B. Martinez, posted to Tikrit, Iraq, allegedly rolled a hand grenade into a room and killed two officers. His trial is hung up in legal motions. [*Editor's note: Army prosecutors sought the death sentence against Mr. Martinez, and in 2006, he agreed to plead guilty to murder in exchange for a life sentence. Military authorities rejected the plea agreement, and Mr. Martinez was put on trial in 2008. He was acquitted. The prosecution suspected that some members of the jury voted to acquit because they opposed the death penalty*.]

Non-whites have caused other trouble. There have been serious fears of spying among the Muslim troops at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. All charges were later dropped against West Point graduate and Muslim chaplain, Captain James Yee, but he raised enough suspicion to be arrested. Several Arabs were arrested along with Captain Yee. They weren't convicted of spying but received convictions for lesser, but serious infractions.

Espionage cases are hard to prove. Accomplices can vanish back to their native lands, witnesses can be assassinated, and fingerprints, DNA, and other physical evidence can be more easily explained. Sometimes counterintelligence discovers evidence inadmissible in court. Often spies can be convicted only if they are caught in a sting where the evidence is overwhelming and can be used in court.

America now fights its wars in the Third World, and our policy of putting Third World people in the military is dangerous. It is only a matter of time before a Somali, Kurdish, Laotian, or Hmong "refugee" has the authority to call in air-strikes or command riflemen. Like the Romans who were destroyed by their Germanic mercenaries, Americans could find that their army is a foreign viper.

Diversity has been turned against us in the past. During the Philippine Insurrection early in the 20th century, the troublesome, all-black 24th Infantry produced a renegade named David Fagen. He deserted from the American side and accepted a Philippine Army commission as a captain. The Filipino insurgents had offered such a deal to any black deserter. Captain Fagen was not the only black turncoat, but their numbers were small, since Filipinos and blacks are a world apart. If the fighting had been in Africa things might have been different. Still, the Fagen incident caused a decline in trust between the races, and even a certain hysteria. After American setbacks, one journalist concluded that Filipino successes were the result of, "the scheming of American deserters, who were so familiar with army routines."

Successful military operations must be glued together with trust, and diversity destroys trust. In diverse groups, the tendency is to hunker down, avoid making friends, and just try to survive. Instead of quickly starting from a common point, American soldiers must spend time developing trust. Some black senior officers cannot quite believe that white subordinates aren't ready to blast them; the ghosts of Reconstruction and Jim Crow rise easily at a forward operating base filled with muscular, blue-eyed white men with assault rifles.

Likewise, white soldiers may not trust black officers, since they are often baffled by simple problems and quick to be swept up in vice. Too often, black leaders and enlisted men can appear to be nothing more than the gangster types who were despised back in a white's home town.

Instead of working through problems, developing innovative tactics, or focusing on training, soldiers must spend time smoothing wrinkles and dealing with tensions that otherwise would not exist. The alienation, post-traumatic stress disorder, drug-taking, and other pathologies commonly found in veterans since Vietnam are probably related, at least in part, to this lack of trust.

The unwillingness to recognize desegregation's failures may even influence strategy at the highest level. In its August 8, 2003 issue, the British newspaper, the *Telegraph*, quoted from a speech by Condoleezza Rice:

> 'Like many of you, I grew up around the home-grown terrorism of the 1960s. I remember the bombing of the church in Birmingham in 1963, because one of the little girls that died was a friend of mine,' she said.
>
> Black Americans should stand by others seeking freedom today, she went on, and shun the 'condescending' argument that some races or nations were not interested in or ready for Western freedoms.
>
> 'We've heard that argument before. And we, more than any, as a people, should be ready to reject it,' she said. 'That view was wrong in 1963 in Birmingham and it is wrong in 2003 in Baghdad and in the rest of the Middle East.'

In fact, Iraq has no history of democracy nor any real prospects for it, and more than 50 years after Birmingham, American jails are filled with blacks. Delusions always come back to haunt the deluded.

America's position at the top is lonely and precarious. Any military slip-up can embolden our enemies. Pol Pot was certainly aided by America's withdrawal from Vietnam, and Osama bin Laden was inspired to strike after our failure in Somalia. Any lack of trust within our fighting formations, any lost opportunity, any crime, any bad judgment makes the worst more likely.

But the most important danger is domestic. It is simply a matter of time before whites vote clearly for their own interests. At that point, an alien army could spark a serious domestic and Constitutional crisis. To avoid such a calamity, Uncle Sam needs an army loyal to Americans and sympathetic to their institutions.

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PRISON

8

White Man in a Texas Prison

Forced Integration at Its Worst

by D. Zatukel

Demographers predict that some time in the next century whites will become a racial minority in the United States. This status has already arrived for many of the several hundred thousand whites who have the least control over their lives: prisoners. They are forced to live in the most intimate relations with a class of blacks and Hispanics whom most whites have carefully arranged their lives so as to avoid completely. Forced integration has produced racial animosity in society at large; the even more intensive integration in prisons creates even greater animosity.

I am 39 years old and have served 10 years of a 55-year sentence for aggravated robbery. For seven years I was confined in minimum- and medium-security prisons, but in 1992 I was shipped, without explanation, to the maximum-security McConnell Unit in Beeville, Texas. I believe that this was because I had been subscribing to racialist publications and was therefore wrongly classified as a "gang-related" prisoner.

Discipline

Criminals are in jail because they are rule-breakers, and a jail cannot be run without rules. Traditionally, there have been both "official" and "unofficial" ways to keep order. The official way is through formal disciplinary charges that can result in loss of status or privileges. For example, a prisoner may be denied commissary privileges, which means he cannot buy coffee, food, radios, sneakers, ice cream, etc. This is not much of a hardship. Ever since the ban on smoking in Texas prisons, the "store" no longer sells tobacco, which is what prisoners want most.

A more serious penalty is a reduction in class. There are seven status levels or classes in Texas prisons, including four categories of trusty. A reduction in class can mean that a trusty may no longer work unsupervised; a reduction to the lowest class means a man forfeits "good time," or periods of good behavior that can lead to earlier release. For prisoners facing a long sentence, this means very little. Even "administrative segregation" or ad-seg is not much of a threat for people facing many years. A cell of one's own is luxurious privacy. Also, ad-seg units are the only ones with air conditioning; Beeville gets very hot and humid in the summer, so the worst discipline cases live in the greatest comfort!

The formal penalty system often does not work. It involves paperwork, which is a bother. Punishment usually goes into effect long after the infraction, and there are some men on whom it simply has no effect. Therefore, Texas prisons traditionally had an informal discipline system as well as the formal one. A popular way to handle an unruly inmate used to be to have him "stand on the wall" or stand in one place for a long time with his toes and nose touching the wall. There were occasional beatings and the threat of beatings. Since the early 1980s, when a federal judge named William Wayne Justice established new standards for Texas prisons, informal punishment has been forbidden. Guards may never punish prisoners physically and may use force against them only if guards are, themselves, in clear danger of attack.

Guards therefore have very little real control. Consider the dormitories. They are supposed to be less restrictive housing for better-behaved prisoners, but affirmative action has been at work here: blacks must be assigned to them in proportion to their numbers in the prison population. If 45 percent of the prisoners are black, 45 percent of the men in the dormitories must be black, so many aggressive, hostile blacks are assigned to low-security areas. The six-foot five-inch, 260-pound black who recently moved to the McConnell Unit and became my neighbor was surprised to be assigned to a dormitory; he was in close custody (a high-security unit for prisoners with discipline problems) just before his move.

A white officer is making the rounds of a 55-man dormitory unit at 11:00 p.m. to do a head count. All prisoners are supposed to be in their bunks after 10:30, so he doesn't expect to find much activity, but he is wrong. Many blacks are up and carousing. Two are in the showers, some are at the latrine, others are visiting friends' quarters.

“Get to your houses or get an out-of-place case [Go to your bunks or face a citation for being where you are not supposed to be.],” orders the officer.

The order triggers shouts of “Suck a d**k, mother f****r!” “F**k you, whore!” “Get your bitch ass outta here, whore!” The officer says nothing as he waits for the inmates to get to their bunks. They deliberately move slowly. They repeatedly call the officer “bitch” and “whore.”

One muscular black inmate blatantly ignores the officer’s order and struts to the latrine. “Looky here, can’t I take a piss?” he says.

“It’s count time,” says the officer.

An argument develops. The dorm resounds with shouts of “bitch!” “whore!” and “motherf****r!” The officer knows he faces the possibility of a riot and a serious beating at the hands of men who would love to hurt him. He backs down and lets the inmate use the latrine. His authority has been successfully challenged, he has been humiliated, his count has been disrupted, and his work has been delayed.

These are the well-behaved blacks. Officers face even more danger and abuse in the “medium” and “close” custody areas. These prisoners are discipline problems and have already lost most of their privileges and “good time.” They have little else to lose. They may have jobs assigned to them but work seldom, if at all. Instead, they lift weights, work out, watch “rap” music on MTV, and play dominoes.

They know the restrictions on physical punishment as well as the officers do. They do not hesitate to get into an officer’s face, shout abuse at him, and dare him to strike or touch them. Verbal attacks of the vilest kind are not sufficient cause for a guard to strike a prisoner, and any who do so are fired. Racial abuse of the guards is standard fare, though whites are now “bitches” and “whores” rather than “honkies” or “red-necks.”

Because there is so little that can be done to punish them, prisoners in high-security areas exact special privileges from a system that has adopted a *de facto* policy of black appeasement. “Problem” prisoners are quietly allowed to ignore rules that forbid beards and long hair, and that require them to be fully clothed in the TV-game rooms. Known trouble-makers get more food than well-behaved prisoners because officers want to avoid trouble. For the same reason, officers rarely inspect the living areas of problem inmates—they don’t want trouble. By contrast, men assigned to

dormitories may not put up so much as a pin-up because it might offend female officers.

Race

What is it like to live in close quarters with underclass blacks? One of the greatest torments is constant noise. Blacks are always shouting at each other, banging around, making a din. The TV-game rooms, for example, are oftentimes scenes of pandemonium. Blacks congregate around domino games and yell at each other while the players slap their dominoes on the table as hard as they can. This combination of yelling and domino-slapping goes on for hours at a time: "C'mon, nigger!" BAM! "You ain't got nuthin', nigger!" BAM! "Give me ten, nigger!" BAM! … The racket and incessant shouting of blacks is so loud that many whites and Hispanics (and a few blacks) *wear earplugs 24 hours a day*.

Because blacks, as a group, are more aggressive than whites or Hispanics, they generally get their choice of exercise facilities or television programs. In any TV-game room with more than one television set, one set is constantly tuned to sports programs, which is what blacks want. Since blacks have rioted when they were not able to watch what they wanted, they have essentially been given their own television sets.

Whenever an important sporting event is broadcast, groups of blacks set up an ear-splitting din yelling at the television set. The noise is so loud it is painful to be in the room, and the yelling carries throughout the building. During the spring of 1994, the "sports only" televisions carried basketball play-offs until 1:00 a.m., seven days a week, for about two weeks. The policy of black appeasement meant that prisoners were shouting at the television late into the night, making it impossible for others to sleep.

Before liberal judges rewrote prison rules, inmates were not allowed to talk in chow halls. Inmates must now be permitted to talk at a "low level" but this restriction is ignored. Groups of blacks yell to each other across the length of the chow hall just as they do in cell blocks and dormitories. Meal times are a constant racket, and in the commotion, many inmates slip back into the chow line to eat again. Most officers will not confront an inmate who goes through the line twice, especially if he is black; other blacks would immediately take his side and there could easily be a riot. Perhaps as many as half of the black prisoners eat twice or more during each meal.

Since racial integration is official prison policy, it is difficult for a white prisoner to get a white roommate for his two-man cell. Over the years I have had four black, three Hispanic, and three white cell-mates. Even if a black or Hispanic "cellie" is well behaved, there is always tension in this unnatural integration. Generally blacks are provocative and make terrible cellies. About the only way for a white to get a "whites only" designation for cellies is to have inflicted serious violence on a black for racial reasons —and the punishment for this makes it a costly strategy.

Blacks and Hispanics have much greater racial loyalty than whites. Even most white criminals are racially passive and endure racial insults without reacting. I do not permit blacks to insult me, but if I were to fight every time I heard someone called "white boy" I would never get out of lock-up. Typically, whites are greatly outnumbered, and to make a stand for racial loyalty would be suicide. Some whites do develop a racial consciousness, however, and begin to look out for each other.

For Hispanics, the racial bond has an added dimension in that they normally speak Spanish to each other. In the old days they were required to speak English, but Spanish is now a civil right. Nevertheless, whites and Hispanics tend to have a lot in common and share a similar temperament. Hispanics appear to be a bit more emotional than whites, but blacks are very emotional and aggressive. Whites and Hispanics share an antipathy towards blacks and will work together when faced with a black threat. There is only a small amount of fraternization across racial lines and most prisoners would clearly prefer the old segregated system.

Race riots are common in integrated prisons. They generally start when whites or Hispanics get fed up with being pushed around by blacks. Tension builds up between the races until it explodes in a riot.

In one "close custody" unit there has been an ongoing war between blacks and Hispanics that started soon after the unit opened in October, 1992. The Hispanics got very annoyed at black rudeness, yelling, domino slapping, and at blacks who would masturbate openly when Hispanic female guards were in the area (see below).

One Friday evening, groups of blacks and Hispanics were watching a televised boxing match between a black and a Hispanic. Words were exchanged and a fight broke out. The fight quickly spread as blacks and Hispanics began rumbling throughout the whole building. The fighting

overflowed into the recreation yard and soon over a hundred inmates were hammering each other.

Dozens of officers converged on the area, wearing crash helmets and wielding shields and batons. They broke up the riot, herded the men back to their cells (and the badly injured to the hospital) and locked them down. As punishment for the riot the inmates were locked down for about three months. This means they had to stay in their cells for 24 hours a day, except for showers, and were given sack lunches, which they ate in their cells. Shortly after they were let out, there was another race riot and the prisoners were locked down again. This cycle of race riots has repeated itself endlessly in this unit. The obvious solution would be racial segregation, but that would violate prison policy.

Riots with white prisoners are unusual because most whites are passive. However, there was one serious black-white incident during the basketball play-offs mentioned earlier. A dozen whites were watching a television movie but were told by a guard that they would have to let blacks watch the play-off instead. As usual, the guard was placating the group most likely to make trouble, but this time he got it wrong. As the blacks filed in to watch the game, one of the whites, angry at not being allowed to watch the end of the movie, pulled the plug on the television. There was a free-for-all with about a dozen men on each side, but the fisticuffs were soon broken up by officers. The incident could have been much, much worse.

One of the worst kinds of racial assault is homosexual rape—usually blacks gang-raping a white. This is known to happen in the McConnell unit, but it takes place in maximum and medium security areas, about which I have little direct knowledge.

It may be a surprise to people on the outside to learn that Texas prisons are rife with public masturbation. Masturbation is now such a problem that prison trousers *no longer have flies or pockets*. Men used to cut holes in the front pockets so they could masturbate with their pants up.

Policies implemented by liberals mean that there are now many female prison guards, and prisoners—mostly black—sometimes masturbate as they follow women around the cell block. Blacks have a special term for this: “killing.” Practitioners of this lewdness are “gunslingers” or “snipers” and engage in “drive-by-shootings.” White women are the preferred targets but any woman will do. Many killers drape a coat or shirt over themselves but some blacks expose themselves any time, any place, to anyone.

Until recently, a favorite perch for snipers was a set of benches beside the entrance to the administration building, where the secretarial pool works. Killers would take up positions on these benches and open fire on the secretaries as they walked by. It finally occurred to someone to move the benches.

The women's reactions to "killing" vary enormously. Some do not tolerate it and write offense reports for it. This can mean a loss of commissary privileges and, sometimes, a reduction of class. As explained above, if a man is destitute and is doing a long sentence, this means nothing. Most of the time, the women simply tell the offender to stop. Ordinarily this works. When the killing continues despite a warning, the offender is usually locked up in isolation for a short time. Again, this means nothing to a man who has nothing to lose. There are some women who ignore killing and do not react to it at all.

One attractive Hispanic woman who worked in the prison law library had a real problem. She was stuck at her workplace and, throughout the day, blacks would come into the library, stare at her and masturbate. She wouldn't stand for it, but was soon swamped with paperwork, filing offense reports. The unit warden eventually told her not to bother writing up reports, that he preferred less troublesome, "verbal" solutions.

Sometimes, if a female guard finds a prisoner attractive she will quietly encourage him to kill on her. Women like this to be done discreetly, in a cell or some other place where the two will not draw attention to themselves.

The ostentatious lewdness of blacks creates a lot of racial tension in an integrated prison. White and Hispanic inmates must endure the crudest racial/sexual taunting by blacks when white or Hispanic women come through the area. Blacks will put their hands down their pants and play with themselves or take off their clothes and decide to take a shower. Some will go to their cells and call to the women to come watch them masturbate—all of this in the presence of white and Hispanic prisoners. This, by itself, would be reason enough for race riots, but in the lax atmosphere of today's Texas prisons, there is no way to stop this disgusting behavior.

This is Prison?

The McConnell Unit is certainly a disagreeable place for a white man; life at close quarters with hostile, loud, masturbating, white-hating blacks is

punishment enough. But for many blacks, a stint in a modern Texas prison is about as close to country-club living as they are likely to get. They live in clean, well-maintained buildings. They get three good meals a day. They can work out, play basketball, and watch as much television as they like. They can humiliate white prisoners with impunity and even shout the most inflammatory racial insults at uniformed white officers. They cannot have sexual intercourse, but they get the thrill of exposing themselves to white women and taunting white men as they do it. Even the most drastic disciplinary measure—solitary confinement—means a transfer to air-conditioned housing. For a poor, black youngster from Houston, a stay in the McConnell Unit is a vacation. Who can be surprised to learn that more than half of the convicts released from Texas prisons are back within a year? Or that the Texas inmate population has grown 400 percent since the latest prison "reforms"?

And what about the guards? In what other profession must a man submit every day to constant racial slurs and insults—insults that would instantly yield huge civil-suit awards if the victim were black and this happened on the outside? In what other profession must women put up with men who follow them around masturbating and mumbling obscenities? This, too, on the outside is grounds for enormous compensatory damages. In today's prisons it is the inmates who punish the guards.

The kid-glove approach to prisoners means that the meanest, most refractory men—mostly blacks—get better treatment rather than worse. Since guards have so few meaningful ways to punish offenders, violations are ignored—essentially rewarded—rather than punished. Because everyone knows that blacks are likely to riot, even the guards see to it that they get their way over better-behaved whites and Hispanics. Wrong-doing and the threat of violence bring special treatment. One of the abiding lessons that an inmate learns in prison is that the authorities can be treated with utmost contempt.

Federal control of the Texas prison system has been a complete though almost entirely unreported disaster. Unless the state manages to free itself from the tyranny of federal judges, prisoners will continue to laugh at the prospect of a jail sentence. Today, the central feature of a Texas prison is the basketball court. Some day, when Texans regain control, it may once again be what it was in the old days: the chapel.

Mr. Zatukel works in the law library of the McConnell Unit. He has been supplying information on prison conditions to state legislators who are trying to take control back from the federal government. This article first appeared in the October 1995 issue of American Renaissance.

9

Integration at its Worst

Prison Life for White Men

by Howard Scott Lacy

I am an indigent prisoner and cannot afford a subscription to *American Renaissance* [in 2009, AR was still a monthly paper publication], but I did see the July issue. I laughed out loud reading Christopher Jackson's article, "A White Teacher Speaks Out." His portrayal of black students was spot-on, and compelled me to write this account of my own experiences with blacks in prison. Of course, there is no real humor in Mr. Jackson's portrayal; the truth is tragic. The impact of blacks on the larger society and especially on the white children caught in the surroundings Mr. Jackson describes is nothing less than devastating.

What made me laugh was Mr. Jackson's portrayal of the way black students speak. The guards here say such things as "Who you be?" and "Where it be at?" It's deeply insensitive of us, no doubt, but white prisoners entertain each other by mimicking the unique forms of black speech. Mr. Jackson's description of his students applies to a great many black adults as well.

As an inmate in a Texas prison, I am surrounded by blacks and people of other races and must deal with them every day. I have become intimately aware of their traits and mannerisms. I'm sure my experiences are paralleled in many other prisons, and are a precursor of what the country as a whole can expect if we continue down the road on which we are traveling.

Like the students Mr. Jackson describes, black prisoners are loud, brash, aggressive, and violate rules almost by nature. Very few show the slightest remorse for the crimes for which they were imprisoned. Instead, they blame "da man" or the system run by "da man." Mr. Jackson's students talk endlessly of "racism." So do adult blacks—at least prisoners do. They scheme and fantasize endlessly about ways to beat "da man" or "break the

oppression." When they are not talking about sex, drugs, crime, or rap music they are complaining about how the white man has made their lives miserable. This is how they justify making our lives miserable.

I am housed in an area of the prison known as "administrative segregation," most commonly referred to as "seg" (see below). Why am I here? I was "confirmed" as a member of a white "racist" prison gang.

Any white man in a Texas prison who joins one of the many gangs is "confirmed" as a member of a Security Threat Group (STG) and goes to seg. In many cases, a man ends up here for nothing more than having pro-white literature or showing any kind of racial pride or awareness.

Once a man is listed as a member of an STG, he goes into a nationwide database and is even listed on government "terrorist" watch lists. He stays in that database for years after he is released. When police officers check our names, even during a routine traffic stop, they are cautioned to "treat the situation as if it were a felony takedown," and to consider us "armed and dangerous." This classification has nothing to do with our criminal records—most whites are in prison for non-violent crimes—and even less with any allegedly "terrorist" activities. We become STG members simply because we have shown white solidarity.

The STG database is supposed to be available only to law enforcement agencies, and other officially approved groups. It is my impression that organizations like the Southern Poverty Law Center and the Anti-Defamation League may have access to it because they are supposed to be fighting "racism." As you can imagine, the STG designation causes big problems for prisoners.

Why, then, do we join prison gangs? Prison administrators will tell you it is because we are "racists," "hate-mongers," and—always the most potent—"Nazis." They will tell you we want to participate in organized crime and overthrow the government, and that we believe in crazy conspiracy theories. To be fair, there are a few gang members who fit this mold. However, whites start and join prison gangs for none of these reasons. I know why they do because for several years, I was a high-ranking member in one of the largest white prison gangs in Texas. The number-one reason whites join prison gangs has nothing to do with criminal intent, ideology, or even racial views. They join for survival.

In prison, whites are a minority, especially in high-security and violent areas. As a result, other groups—especially blacks—prey on them. I am not

talking about the normal advantage-seeking that characterizes most groups when they are in the majority. I am talking about a palpable, usually violent hatred of whites commonly shown by blacks and other non-whites as soon as they get an edge on whites. Whites have to make common cause with each other for protection. Other than that, white gangs have very little real structure and engage in very few organized activities inside prison, much less beyond prison walls.

Whites in jail—and even more so in local prisons—are set upon as soon as they walk through the door. Most whites, especially younger ones, are completely unprepared. Most have no experience of violence beyond a few school-yard fights. They have an ingrained sense of fair play. They have had only the most superficial interaction with people of other races. They have also been brainwashed to think we are all the same and "racially equal." They are in for a painful education.

If he is very lucky, a new convict quickly gets the help of an older, more experienced white man who can prepare him for what is to come. This older man is usually a member of a gang, though the authorities have not yet confirmed him as one. That is why he is still in the general population. Usually, though, youngsters are simply thrown to the wolves. They are subjected to intimidation, coercion, threats of rape and beatings, and eventually, *inevitably*, they are attacked. It's not a matter of *if* whites will face attacks, but of when, how often, and how we deal with them.

As much as it pains me to write this, not all of our young men have the warrior instinct. Many break weak in the face of terrifying odds and end up "riding." This means they have "a man"—usually black—to whom they "pay protection" in the form of commissary money and/or sexual submission. You can imagine the ridicule and degradation.

Not all whites break weak. Many stand up for themselves, which means they must fight against odds that are always stacked against them. There is essentially no chance for diplomacy or compromise, since many blacks and others see prison as their chance to get back at the white man.

Attacks often come in the form of a "back door." A group of non-whites will surround a white and take turns attacking him. Every minute or so a fresh one takes over the fight, never giving the white a chance to rest. Eventually he is so worn out and beaten that he can hardly raise his fists, much less defend himself. Another form of assault is the "clique action," in which the whole group attacks the white man all at once.

These are the most common forms of attack. It is very seldom an honorable, one-on-one attack because their sole intention is either to hurt the white man or make him break weak so they can show dominance over him. Another reason blacks avoid a fair fight with a white is that they cannot stand the stigma of being beaten by a white. They are supposed to think all whites are weak so to lose to one is deeply humiliating. Whites who stand up for themselves therefore face severe beatings against very bad odds. They may suffer permanent damage and even death.

Some men are more vulnerable than others. They may be effeminate or have no ability to fight. Some men are better at talking their way out of trouble than others. Gang members, of course, are usually left alone because of the threat of retaliation by other members.

Some men, out of desperation, arm themselves with a "shank" or home-made knife (see below). This is effective because, for whatever reason, blacks, especially, are afraid of being stabbed or cut. This is a risky strategy, though, because it is a serious infraction to be caught with a weapon, and often results in criminal charges. Can you imagine the frenzy of righteous indignation whenever a white, "racist," "hate-group" member stabs a minority? Needless to say, it does not matter that he was usually left with no choice if he was not to part with his last shred of dignity.

I would say 80 percent of blacks and Hispanics are already members of street or prison gangs when they get here. Thus they already have a group to which they can turn for protection. Almost no whites are members of anything when they arrive, but a large majority end up joining. They see that the only whites who have some security either carry a shank or are members of gangs that will fight for each other—in short whites whom the other races *fear*. It's only natural for these young whites to try to make their lives easier.

I cannot think of a single white gang here in Texas prisons that started on the outside. That is simply not the way the vast majority of our people live. And even now, after many years of existence, essentially none of these gangs has any true organization beyond these walls. This is not the case with the non-white gangs. The Crips, Bloods, Gangster Disciples, Mexican Mafia, Texas Syndicate, Raza United, and Azteca—to name just a few—are vast criminal empires. Most started *outside* prison as criminal gangs and simply maintain their structure on both sides of the wall.

White gangs are lumped in with criminal gangs of this kind, but even worse, they are the only ones labeled as "racist" or "supremacist." So the irony is that although most of the blacks and Hispanics come here as full members of racially exclusive street/prison gangs who hate whites, we are the ones who are called "haters."

The administration understands this, of course, but claims it has no control over how they classify us. At the same time, most of the lower-level guards are non-whites who share the same enmity towards us as the other prisoners.

The courts have ruled that no matter how much sense it would make to separate prisoners by race, that is impossible because it would be discrimination against minorities. It does not matter that whites are the ones who suffer most from integration, society must protect the "civil rights" of those who prey on us. The irony is that most of the young whites who suddenly find themselves in this hell never had a "racist" or "hateful" thought until they came to prison and learned the truth.

Whites therefore join prison gangs because they want to survive. They need comrades in a hostile world. They are knowingly put in a position in which, in order to survive with any dignity or self-respect, they must take steps that will leave them labeled as "haters" and even "terrorists."

There are other consequences. No one in seg can take part in rehabilitation—no education, job training, or drug abuse programs for us. Since all candidates for parole are expected to have gone through programs of this kind, the consequence is that as a "confirmed" gang member in seg, I have *no* chance of parole. At the same time, all the experts will tell you that training of this kind helps inmates return to society, but there is none of that for us.

I should point out that Hispanic gang members, like whites, are automatically classified as members of STGs. For reasons not clear to me, members of black gangs are not automatically classified as members of STGs, and therefore are not automatically put in seg. Because they remain in the general population, blacks are usually required to take *rehab* classes, and this helps their reintegration into society—at least for those who want to go straight. Their chances of parole are also much better simply because they are not in seg and are not listed as part of an STG.

This "hate group" and "racist" label makes it hard for us to find work after release, and it also has an effect on our access to various government

programs. And this is only because we chose to stand and fight against the hatred of those who blame the white race for every failure of their own race.

I assume that non-whites stay in the STG database after release, too, but less frequently than whites. Gang Intelligence (GI) officers have told me that because we are the "racists" and "haters" we are the troublemakers and have to be tracked even after we are released. It suits the staff to go along with the myth that racial trouble all comes from white "haters."

The policy is really the same here as it is in the rest of society. It is perfectly normal for blacks, especially, to hate whites, so no one pays special attention to it. In prison, whites learn very quickly that they need a racial consciousness in order to survive. That is just as forbidden here as it is on the outside, so *we* are the ones who suffer most from racial conflict. Don't even get me started on how unfair this is and what we must go through on account of this malicious double standard.

Many people believe that since we are criminals, we have put ourselves in this situation and deserve whatever we get. I agree that we are responsible for our own actions and their consequences. I can't tell you how sick I am of people who prey on society and then start screaming about "rights" once they get here. Blacks are notorious for this. But it is wrong to force integration on prisoners and then punish whites for doing—belatedly and less effectively—what the others have been doing all along.

Black Behavior

Whether he realized it or not, when Mr. Jackson was describing black students, he was describing black adults, too. Most whites never see blacks except at work. They never see blacks in groups or in their own neighborhoods. At work, blacks seem polite and normal. However, once the requirements of the job are lifted they are likely to behave differently. What Mr. Jackson described in his students is what you could call the natural state of blacks and it follows many of them into adulthood.

You will perhaps have noticed that even black politicians and teachers find it hard to speak standard English, to use grammar correctly, or to structure their sentences properly. Many use multi-syllabic words completely out of context in an attempt to sound more educated.

But black behavior can go much deeper than language, and when the rules of white society are lifted, different patterns emerge. Mr. Jackson

wrote about the overt sexuality of black boys, of how boldly they approach white girls. In prison their sexuality is almost out of control. I am no prude, and believe that what two heterosexuals do voluntarily is their business. However, there are commonly accepted sexual proprieties that many blacks ignore.

It is always easy to tell when a female guard, nurse, clerk, etc. is walking the hall because of the tremendous noise that follows her. Blacks will stand in the doors of their cells or line the windows three or four deep, screaming and yelling sexual suggestions and abuse. All women get this treatment: old, young, attractive, homely. Even grandmotherly types who are doing something that benefits inmates, like passing out mail, get the same treatment. Blacks honestly seem to believe that all women, especially white women, are sluts. “Dem hos be want dat nigga dick!”

Sexual aggressiveness doesn’t end with yelling. Blacks expose themselves and masturbate at the sight of these women, whether it is in the infirmary, in the day room, in the chow hall, in church, in their cells with their cellies, on the sidewalk, or in a group. They ejaculate through the bars, on the floor, against the walls. They seem to have no idea how repulsive they are. Whites—at least the ones who stand up for themselves—will not put up with this kind of public perversity, and it has been the cause of plenty of riots.

A few women seem to enjoy the attention. Some encourage the men by talking dirty or helping them masturbate. Some even have intercourse with prisoners. They may do this in exchange for stamps, which they used to be able to turn in at the post office for money, or even just for a candy bar or a soda. These are extreme cases, and they are usually black women. Most blacks at least seem to take the screaming in stride, and even pride themselves on being “down.”

When there are no women to leer at, blacks spend *hours* talking about which women are “good” for which purposes, how to lure female guards into areas where they can be seen, what strokes are best for masturbation, which are the best lubricants, etc. Blacks who masturbate in public call each other “gun slingers” and “jack artists.”

Blacks will sometimes masturbate in the shower area while they stare at a man’s buttocks. I assume they are fantasizing about having sex with the man. This kind of thing has led to many fights.

Technically there are rules against masturbating in public and theoretically it can bring criminal action. However, this happens only if a guard wants to go to the trouble of pressing charges and a prosecutor agrees to take the case. Most of the time, the DA would think it was a waste of taxpayers' money.

When guards see men masturbating they will usually stop it, at least while they are in the area, but take no disciplinary action. It is so common among blacks that the guards just don't have the time or energy to do all the paperwork it would take to enforce the rules. Most of the female guards simply learn to tolerate it or overlook it. I've seen plenty of white women work here for just a few days, before they break down and quit. The vast majority of guards are black, especially the women.

Finally, since you are wondering, I will tell you what I am in here for: drugs. This is my third time in prison. My first jailing I can more or less excuse as the act of a crazy 17-year-old high on drugs: In 1984 I robbed a dope house. The second time was in 1995 when I did a deal on the spur of the moment, trying to help out a friend. This time I really have no excuse. A few years ago I started using again and got strung out on methamphetamines. I never thought I could get strung out, since I have always considered myself a strong-minded person, but it happened. I had a successful construction business, a good life, and the best woman a man could hope for—that's finished now—and I threw it all away for dope.

My charges are a little complicated, but they all have to do with drugs. I am now serving eight concurrent five-year sentences, which is like doing one five-year sentence. I have done about a year and a half, and although I am theoretically up for parole every year, as I explained, I have essentially no chance for parole and no change of getting out of seg.

However, the point of this article is not to write about me. It is to write about what some of us who are already racial minorities have to live with. Our enemies assert that it is nothing but circumstances that make people bad. Nonsense.

There are millions of white men and women in America who have no idea what we are facing. They can afford their delusions because they can still live their lives more or less apart from people of other races. I can imagine America in 50 years when we are a minority and have lost all power. God help us then!

Sidebar—Shank Culture

I am well aware of the Hollywood stereotype of prisoners: They all run around with shanks, stabbing each other. That's not the case, at least in Texas, and I doubt other states are much different. There are criminal penalties for having a weapon and stabbing someone is a serious offense. Hispanics are more likely to carry and use knives—that just seems to be their nature.

Whites mainly want to be left alone and will arm themselves only in self defense and as a last resort. Even blacks are reluctant to use knives or face someone who has one, even though they are generally the most violent. Often the mere threat of using a knife prevents trouble.

I have a story from years ago when I was in the general population. There had been tension with blacks—a very common thing—and we fully expected a riot to break out in the recreation or "rec" yard. At that time we often buried shanks in the dirt part of the rec yard so they would be available in case of trouble. It was too risky to carry a knife or keep one in your quarters, and the rec yard was where there was most likely to be fighting.

These hidden shanks were no secret to the other inmates or even the staff, and from time to time guards swept the yard with metal detectors. On that day, when we got out on the rec yard, it was only me and two other whites—only two others who were prepared to fight, anyway—facing 60 or 70 blacks. I don't know how many it would have taken to whip the three of us, but I know they were all going to attack us!

My brothers and I immediately went for the shanks, but they were gone! The staff had swept the field. We assumed we were in for a severe beating, with or without the shanks. We decided we had nothing to lose, however, if we decided to act as if we *had* found them. We walked boldly up to the leaders and made our demand (one of them had stolen a brother's radio, and we wanted it back). The whole time, we kept our hands in our pants as if we were carrying knives—and they bought it. The three of us made the whole pack of them back down. It makes a good story now, but I was scared to death.

Unfortunately, far more often than not, when you are outnumbered there is no way to face down an attack. But it shows you how valuable the mere threat of a weapon can be.

Sidebar—Ad Seg

Administrative Segregation is just a fancy name for what people used to call solitary confinement. The idea is to reduce direct, physical contact with guards or other inmates to zero.

To begin with, we do not go to the chow hall for meals. They make up trays for us in the kitchen, roll them down the halls in "hot boxes," and bring them to our cells in open tray carriers. Usually, the food is cold by the time they push it through the slot in my door.

The only times we leave our cells are for showers and visits to the "rec" yard. We are supposed to get a shower every day and two hours of rec five days a week. I have been on this unit a year and a half, and I have never seen rec four times a week, much less five. Usually, it's two days. Sometimes we don't get a shower every day, either. The guards say it is because of staff shortages.

Maybe there are shortages because it takes a lot of work to move us around. We go out one at a time. Whenever we leave a cell—for whatever reason—we are strip searched. We must then turn our backs to the door and put our hands out backwards through the food slot. Only then does a guard open the door. Wherever we go we are escorted by one or two guards armed with riot batons and mace. They treat us this way because seg is supposed to be only for violent, dangerous inmates. The reality is that most of the whites are here for no reason other than STG status (see above).

Going to rec is like moving from one cage to another. The rec yard is a box made of steel posts and chain link fencing. It is under a pavilion, so you can't even get any sun. You are in there by yourself with nothing but a basketball goal and a ball—usually flat. They replace the balls maybe once a year.

In the winter, hardly anyone goes to rec or even to the shower. It's freezing cold at rec, and the water is ice cold in the shower. The water is cold in our cells, too, but we can heat it. They sell hot-pots in the commissary or we can use home-made heating elements. Even in the summer, many men bathe in their cells. They find it degrading to be strip-searched just to go 30 feet down the hall where guards—male and female—watch you take a shower. Where do we bathe in our cells? In the toilet, actually. Believe me, we keep our toilets clean—well, most of us do.

I'm in a unit of 61 cells—one man per cell. The amount of isolation can vary from unit to unit, but in most units you can at least talk to your neighbors even if you can't see them. I'm in a "good" wing. There is only one black—except one more moved in today. We have established rules among ourselves and maintain a certain level of respect. Usually that is not possible if there are many blacks in the unit. They spend hour after hour screaming and arguing, or they use the walls or bunks like drums, in what is called "busting a beat." They also like to yell rap lyrics as loud as they can. Don't forget: the unit is made mostly of concrete and steel, so noise carries. Most people are astonished to learn that "administrative segregation" units can be terrifically noisy, but in our unit we have relative calm most of the time. We can talk to each other.

What do we do in seg? There is no television and no telephone. You are allowed books, magazines, and other reading matter, but you have to supply most of that yourself. There is a library in the prison system, and you are allowed one book a week. If you are lucky you get one about every two weeks. For anything more than that you need money for subscriptions and purchases from outside. Most of us don't have money; we are not paid to work in Texas prisons, and you can't work in seg, anyway. This means reading material is swapped, traded, sold, etc. until it is falling apart. As you can imagine, any pro-white material is very hard to come by, especially anything new or up to date.

How do I spend my time? I do a lot of reading and writing. I don't have a computer or a typewriter so I write by hand. When I don't have someone to write to, I usually have some writing project going. I exercise. I draw—not that I'm an artist. I like to play chess when I can find someone who plays. We number each square and call out our moves to each other.

That's me, though. Every man has to find his own way of dealing with seg, and some just can't. It affects everyone one way or another. After years of seg, many find they can't carry on a conversation or deal with people normally.

How do you get out of seg? For people who are here for real, disciplinary reasons I think they get a review every six months, or it may be every year. But once you are a "confirmed" gang member, you are pretty much back here for the rest of your sentence. In Texas, the *only* way to get out is through GRAD, or the Gang Renouncement and Disassociation program. Honestly, it's a joke.

There is a two-year investigation period that begins when you tell them you are no longer a gang member. During those two years, the GI (Gang Intelligence officer) will monitor your mail and literally tear your cell apart looking for incriminating material. If you send or receive anything "questionable" you fail the investigation and are out of the program for good.

Here's an example of how it works: I wrote my father a normal, family-oriented letter. It was deemed to be a "gang related" letter written in code. Believe me, my father has absolutely nothing to do with gangs or criminal activity. I asked the GI what the letter really meant, if it was written in code. He said they hadn't broken the code, so they didn't know. Then, of course, I wanted to know how the hell they even knew it was in code, if they couldn't break the code? I mean, how much could I hide in "I love you, Dad"? This sort of thing happens all the time.

Possessing a copy of *American Renaissance* would be enough to wash me out of the investigation, as would any correspondence with AR's editor. But don't worry, I gave up on GRAD long ago. I'll be back here for the duration, just like most of the other white guys who are classified STG.

This article first appeared in the November 2009 issue of American Renaissance. *When we offered to pay Mr. Lacy our usual fee, he pointed out that because he was fined for his offense, 10 percent of any money entering his criminal account is applied to the fine. Because he was sentenced in 2008 to eight concurrent five-year sentences, 10 percent is taken out for each sentence, leaving only 20 percent for Mr. Lacy. Instead, he asked for books and a subscription to AR.*

LAW AND ORDER

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Urban Law 101

What I Didn't Learn in Law School: Adventures with Black Clients

by Donald Williamson

I grew up in a suburb of a large northern city, and had no real contact with blacks until I became a lawyer. After I got my law degree I naïvely looked forward to a rewarding legal career. Little did I realize that 25 years later I would be a self-employed attorney doing domestic and civil litigation for a clientèle that is overwhelmingly black.

I didn't plan it that way. I just wanted to do a lot of work in the courtroom, and the best offer I got out of law school was with a small firm that specialized in bankruptcy. Most of its clients were black. Several years later, I set up an independent practice and many of my former clients came to me for domestic work.

Most people do not realize this, but outside the world of corporate or securities law, in any big city the legal profession is to a large degree fueled by the pathologies of blacks and other Third-World people. Of course, whites hire lawyers, but in any city, especially one with a good-sized black population, most of the people who need lawyers are black. In this respect, lawyers are like police officers or social workers—they rarely deal with ordinary white people.

To a large degree, I became racially conscious because of my black clients, who eventually destroyed all my preconceived notions about race. My awakening did not come from one or even a few incidents, but from the accumulation of thousands upon thousands of small interactions.

Day after day my clients continue to amaze me. There is no racial education quite so thorough and convincing as spending time with blacks, and my clients are far from being the poorest and least competent blacks. They are not indigent criminals for whom I am a court-appointed lawyer. They are people who can afford (or think they can afford) a lawyer to get a

divorce, contest a custody judgment, beat a traffic ticket, etc. Some are government employees who make $60 to $70 thousand a year, yet even this group is vastly different from whites.

They Don't Know

One of the most striking things about my black clients is the things they do *not* know. Many blacks, for example, do not know their own telephone numbers. They may think they do but they don't, and the problem has gotten worse with the proliferation of cell phones. At least a third of the numbers they leave with my receptionist or on my answering machine are wrong numbers. Often, a potential client will call several times, each time leaving a variation of the same phone number. I keep calling until they get it right. At first I thought I was taking down the numbers incorrectly, but now I know better. With caller ID, it is clear when what the client says does not match the digital display.

Some callers don't even leave a number. About a quarter of the messages blacks leave do not include either a name or a number. Needless to say, many calls are not returned.

More than a handful of blacks who have come to my office do not even know their own home address (they move often). Many cannot tell me their own spouse's names. Now I know to tell clients ahead of time that they will need this sort of information when they come in. Otherwise, if I ask for someone's address he may look hurt and say, "If I'd known you were going to ask me that I would have come prepared."

Many black men know their children's names but do not know how to spell them. With the proliferation of unusual names among blacks, I can only guess at how they are spelled. One client who told me he couldn't spell his children's names said I would need an encyclopedia to look them up. Many men have admitted to me they are not even sure how to pronounce their children's names. Black women, on the other hand, often become incensed if you mispronounce the very unusual names they have given their children.

The most unusual name I ever came across was Iisszzttadda. I have never met a person, white or black, who could pronounce it correctly. To my surprise the name is pronounced, "I seize the day." Iisszzttadda had siblings named Raheem, Utopian, Desiorme, Sid-Timothy, Kizzma, and

Larilaril. I have occasionally asked clients the reasons for such unusual names, but the most common answer is "I don't know. It just sounded good." This is the answer I got from a mother who named her child Latrine. (See below for actual names of blacks I have encountered in my practice.)

I once had a client in my office who did not know his own name. He had been called by his nickname for so long he couldn't remember his given name. This is not as shocking as it sounds. Some black names, like Phe-anjoy or Quithreaun or JyesahJhnai, are so odd, it would be no surprise if they were never used and eventually forgotten.

Names are not the only things blacks do not know. Once when I was filling out a form for a female client I asked if she knew how old her husband was. She told me she didn't know. I asked her the next question on the form, which was her husband's birth date. Amazingly, she knew it—and was genuinely surprised when I told her she could figure out her husband's age from his birth date.

When potential clients call for the first time, often the hardest part is to figure out why they are calling. Usually they begin in the middle of the story. If you let them, they will go on and on, and say nothing. Clients may call about papers they got in the mail, but never have the papers in front of them. They may call for information, but never have a pen or pencil ready to take it down. I have learned to ask direct questions: "What is your name?" "What is the problem?" If a client cannot tell me in three minutes or less what the problem is, I tell him to come to my office and bring a small retainer fee. That way at least I will have to listen to their ramblings only if they are prepared to pay.

Blacks with whom I have already spoken seem to think I should know instantly who they are when they telephone. After I get on the line, a typical conversation may go like this:

"Who am I speaking to?"

"I am your client."

"I have many clients, can you tell me which one?"

"I am your divorce client."

"Can you tell me your name?"

"Rufus."

"Rufus, can you tell me your last name?"

The conversation may go on for some time before I finally figure out who is calling.

I do not take personal injury or product liability cases, but blacks are always asking about bringing suits of this kind: “My vacuum cleaner broke. Can you help me?”

Most of my clients who are not black either show up on time for appointments or call if they must reschedule. Amazing as this may seem, only about five percent of my black clients show up on time, and by that I mean within an hour of the appointed time. Only one in five show up on the appointed day. A few trickle in a day or two later. Most just never show up. Missing an appointment never embarrasses black people. They call repeatedly for new appointments, making four, five or even six appointments and then miss them all. I had one client who called more than 50 times before he finally came to my office. Rarely do I ever get a call from a black client *canceling* an appointment.

When I first started out as a lawyer I would call clients in advance to remind them of their appointments. They thanked me, but it made them no more likely to show up. Also, I used to call clients and potential clients who missed appointments, and try to have them reschedule. This did very little good. The most common response was, “Why are you calling me?” and it was never their fault that they didn’t show up. They had many different excuses, but I never heard, “I forgot,” or “I’m sorry I didn’t make it.”

Since appointments mean so little to my clients, I decide each day when I am available, and tell everyone to show up at the same time. On Saturday afternoons I can have as many as twenty appointments for the same time. Usually it is not a problem because few show up and even fewer show up on time. Only once in the last 20 years did everyone show up.

Many of my clients are unable to explain even the most basic facts. Often they must take the witness stand, and no matter how many times we have gone over the testimony in advance, I can be surprised by what they say. Some are simply lying and get tangled up in their lies, but most have such low IQs, they cannot describe even the simplest things. Often they seem to say the first thing that pops into their heads. When they are questioned further they cannot remember what they said previously.

I once had a client whose wife was suing him for child support. In discussions before trial he told me he had two children from a previous marriage. This was favorable for him because it meant he would probably owe his current wife less money. At trial, his wife testified that my client had no children outside of their marriage. When I asked him on the stand

how many children he had before he married his current wife, he said he had none. Later I asked him why he had answered that way, when he told me before that he had two other children. “Did I say that?” he asked. I never found out which version was true.

Many of my clients have a hard time following simple directions. Once I appeared in traffic court with a client. In lieu of a conviction he was to see a traffic safety movie. The courtroom was on the second floor of the courthouse, and the traffic safety movie was shown on the first floor. The client was to come back to the courtroom with proof—which would be given him on the first floor—that he watched the movie. Both the judge and I explained this to the client. At the designated hour my client did not come back to the courtroom. Later that afternoon I got a call from the judge, who told me my client had completely misunderstood the instructions. He went to the nearest commercial movie house, saw a movie, and brought back his movie ticket stub.

Long ago I stopped asking my clients why they did something. It is not worth the effort. Most don’t know. The ones who know usually cannot give a coherent answer. Even if they can give a coherent answer, it usually changes every time you ask.

For example, one of my black divorce clients tried to hide assets from his spouse—this is not uncommon. Through discovery it came to light that he had secretly bought a piece of property after the divorce had begun. He put his wife’s name on the title, a very odd thing to do, since he was trying to hide the property from her. I made the mistake of asking him why he did that. True to my previous experiences, he could not give an answer that made sense.

Clients sometimes tell me they knew they were being cheated, but signed the papers anyway. I have given up asking why they signed, because I know I will not get an intelligible answer.

My clients make mistakes in written and spoken English that are often comical. One client in a criminal case told me he was telling the truth, and was willing to take a “polyester test” to prove it. Another told me he desperately wanted to see me, and needed an appointment “between Tuesday and Wednesday.” One who bounced a check told me the problem was “insignificant funds” in his account. I have had clients who have “profiteering” plans at work, want an “uncontestable” divorce (or a “detested” divorce, or an “untested” divorce), had “insects” (incest) in the

family, need an “annoyment” (annulment), want a free “flirtation” (consultation), ask about my “container” (retainer), want to “consultate” about a divorce, or had to meet with “media people” (mediation counselors). One man told me, “I own a car but it is not mine,” and one who was accused of indecent exposure insisted, “I didn’t take my stuff out of my pants.”

It took me some time to understand certain kinds of black slang. Within the first month of my independent practice a man called to ask if I could “put a suitcase on a cat.” After much inquiry I realized he wanted to know if I could file a lawsuit against someone. Within the week I got another call asking if I “did luggage.” Since I now knew about suitcases, I said yes, I do luggage.

I pride myself on doing good work for my clients, but I cannot remember *even once* being thanked or complimented by a black client. They do not observe even the most common courtesies. Also, with rare exceptions, blacks will never admit they made a mistake. When things go wrong, as they inevitably do, it is always someone else’s fault. The most common excuse blacks give is, “They are putting me through the changes.” I have yet to figure out exactly what that means.

Most people tell lies because they think a lie will help them. I have come to the conclusion that most of my clients cannot distinguish between a plausible lie and a wild fairy tale. They are convinced people will believe anything they say. Clients often tell me some fantastic story I cannot possibly defend in court. If I tell them what they are saying is unbelievable the usual reaction is anger and screaming. Typically, they will add, “I’m paying you. You have to believe what I say.”

Sometimes, despite my warnings, clients will get on the stand and tell obvious, outright lies. The judge may interrupt the testimony and tell me to go outside with my client to “get your story straight.” They are not going to sit in court and listen to fairy tales. I take my client outside and tell him he has got to tell the truth, or at least say something believable. My client then starts screaming. “Why are you talking to me this way? You’re supposed to be on my side.”

I once had a client testify about his assets in a divorce case, in which the court was to determine whether he should pay his estranged wife temporary support. My client was a store-front preacher, and testified that he lived in the marital residence with his wife, though in separate quarters. His wife

testified that he was out living with his "ho." My client went on and on about how this was impossible because he was a Man of God. I thought he was lying. The judge ruled that if my client was living with his wife he should share household expenses, which he was not currently paying. At this point, my client realized there was a cost to pretending to be a Man of God living with his lawful wife, and changed his tune. "Judge why are you believing me?" he said. "Believe my wife. I am nothing but an old lying nigger." No one in the courtroom could stop laughing.

Outside Kids

"Outside kid" cases are one of my specialties. For those not in the know, blacks call any child born out of wedlock an outside kid. Black men are good at making children but not at supporting them, and this can be a terrible burden under laws written with white people in mind.

In my state, the parent who does not have custody—almost always the father—pays a percentage of net income to the parent with custody—almost always the mother. The mother gets 20 percent of the father's net income for the first child, 25 percent for two children, and up to 50 percent for five or more children. What if a man has children by several women? *Each* mother gets 20 percent for the first child, so a man with five children by five different women is supposed to be paying *100 percent* of his income in child support. I once had a client who had 12 different children by 10 different women. Theoretically, he owed *250 percent* of his income. These laws simply don't make sense for blacks. Judges have to decide each case as best they can.

Not surprisingly, the average black client will not pay child support unless it is deducted from his paycheck. Many refuse to work, or leave a job to avoid paying. Job turnover is very high among blacks, and the court system has a hard time keeping up with them. Some blacks quit on purpose, and move to another job so as to keep one step ahead of the collections.

Whenever I ask a potential client whether he has paid court-ordered child support he will almost invariably answer with one or more of the following: "I always helps my kids." "I gives the mother money whenever she asks." "I am always there for my kids." "I buys my kids whatever they needs." It almost always turns out they have paid no support, haven't seen their children in years, and at best may have paid for some basketball shoes.

Children do not always seem to have the same importance for blacks that they do for whites. I was in bankruptcy court once waiting for my client's case to be called. A black debtor—not my client—was before the judge trying to convince him to approve his bankruptcy repayment plan. The judge told him he could not afford both his Cadillac and his children, and had to give up one or the other. The debtor immediately said he could not give up his car, and therefore the judge would have to take his kids. The judge threw up his hands and walked off the bench. On another occasion, the same bankruptcy judge told a black debtor he could not afford both his Cadillac and his house. The debtor replied, "You can live in your car but you can't drive your house. Take my house." This was many years ago and tastes in cars may have changed, but I learned how important Cadillacs were to blacks.

In one respect my job is very different from that of a policeman or social worker: I have to make sure I am paid. I try to get paid in full before I agree to represent a client. If I am not paid in full before the case is over I know I will never get any more money. Clients have a hard time understanding they are paying for an attorney's time. Invariably, if a client drops a case before it is over he asks for a full refund. Their reasoning goes something like this: "I paid for a divorce and I didn't get one, so I should get all my money back."

Once I sued a client who didn't pay me. I finally garnished his wages and was paid in full. About six months later he called to ask me to take his next case. I told him I didn't want a client that doesn't pay his bills. He became indignant. He said I got all my money, so what did I have to complain about.

To hear my clients tell it, banks are constantly "messing" with their checking accounts. At least that is what they tell me when their checks bounce. Most of my clients do not have checking accounts, and pay cash. The ones who do have accounts have no idea how much money is in them. Many clients have written me checks on accounts that were closed.

Black clients yell and scream at me every day; I have learned that this is normal. They are like young children who don't get their way. I usually ignore these outbursts, though screaming back at them is usually more effective. I have been threatened with physical violence only twice, and once I had to call the police to escort a client out of my office.

My experience is hardly unique. Most of the lawyers I know have practices similar to mine. Most lawyers therefore are racial realists even if they do not admit it openly. Their actions and comments are no different from mine. People who have daily contact with minorities, who know first-hand that there are racial differences, are likely to be the best prospects for any movement that promotes racial consciousness. They don't like dealing with blacks, but that is simply part of the business. If they can't take it anymore they get into some other line of work.

One lawyer I know moved to the country so he would have white clients. He had lived in the big city all his life, but was willing to pull up all his roots to get a different clientèle.

Recently the supreme court in my state ruled that a lawyer can be disciplined for communications that racially denigrate litigants. For that reason I cannot write this article under my own name, much as I would like to. I must hide behind a pseudonym for fear of falling victim to our politically-correct supreme court.

Sidebar—Unusual Names

Over the years I have made a list of unusual names I have encountered in my practice. Here are some of them:

Aaja (pronounced Asia), Acacia, Ajeenah, Akai, Aquanita, Aryan White, Baleria, Barbertha, Callie (pronounced Kelly), CaAndi, Chetiqua, Cloteal, Curly Top, Darhies, Dayphine, Debrasharme, Derecio, Dertiteriesa, Dikueria & Dikuria (twins), Dildree, Dishon, Dovanna, Duanita, Dyiamond, Dwendolyn, Effillyne, Elizabeth Taylor, Endrissa, Equandolyn, Esaw, Everage, Floyce, Franshawn, Ghia, Godzilla Pimp, Ivier, Jartavious, JyesahJhnai, Keithen, Kentnilla, Lafondra, La,poo (yes, contains comma), Latronia, Lemonjello & Orangejello (twins), L'Tonya, Machoda, Nau-Quia, Mayima, Minute, Miquel, Nethel, Omnipotence, Ondra (pronounced André), Ozro, Padraic, Pecola, Phe-anjoy, Precious Unique, Queen Esther, Quithreaun, Rincesetta, Sanja, Saranus, Shanieja, Sharicus, Shiquipa, SiJourna'i, Silquia, Sinetra, Summer Love, Termicka, Tequilla, Timphanie, Tryphenia, Tywana, Tzaddi & Tzavvi (twins), Ulheric, Undlia, Undrea (pronounced André), Wsam, Xiomara, XL, Yaw, Yuvodka Sharice, Wilida, Zaquan, Zufan, Zyneene.

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Confessions of a Public Defender

Still Liberal after All These Years

by Michael Smith

I am a public defender in a large southern metropolitan area. Fewer than ten percent of the people in the area I serve are black but over 90 percent of my clients are black. The remaining ten percent are mainly Hispanics but there are a few whites.

I have no explanation for why this is, but crime has racial patterns. Hispanics usually commit two kinds of crime: sexual assault on children and driving under the influence. Blacks commit many violent crimes but very few sex crimes. The handful of whites I see commit all kinds of crimes. In my many years as a public defender I have represented only three Asians, and one was half black.

As a young lawyer, I believed the official story that blacks are law abiding, intelligent, family-oriented people, but are so poor they must turn to crime to survive. Actual black behavior was a shock to me.

The media invariably sugarcoat black behavior. Even the news reports of the very crimes I dealt with in court were slanted. Television news intentionally leaves out unflattering facts about the accused, and sometimes omits names that are obviously black. All this rocked my liberal, tolerant beliefs, but it took me years to set aside my illusions and accept the reality of what I see every day. I have now served thousands of blacks and their families, protecting their rights and defending them in court. What follow are my observations.

Although blacks are only a small percentage of our community, the courthouse is filled with them: the halls and gallery benches are overflowing with black defendants, families, and crime victims. Most whites with business in court arrive quietly, dress appropriately, and keep their heads down. They get in and get out—if they can—as fast as they can.

For blacks, the courthouse is like a carnival. They all seem to know each other: hundreds and hundreds each day, gossiping, laughing loudly, waving, and crowding the halls.

When I am appointed to represent a client I introduce myself and explain that I am his lawyer. I explain the court process and my role in it, and I ask the client some basic questions about himself. At this stage, I can tell with great accuracy how people will react. Hispanics are extremely polite and deferential. An Hispanic will never call me by my first name and will answer my questions directly and with appropriate respect for my position. Whites are similarly respectful.

A black man will never call me Mr. Smith; I am always "Mike." It is not unusual for a 19-year-old black to refer to me as "dog." A black may mumble complaints about everything I say, and roll his eyes when I politely interrupt so I can continue with my explanation. Also, everything I say to blacks must be at about the third-grade level. If I slip and use adult language, they get angry because they think I am flaunting my superiority.

At the early stages of a case, I explain the process to my clients. I often do not yet have the information in the police reports. Blacks are unable to understand that I do not yet have answers to all of their questions, but that I will by a certain date. They live in the here and the now and are unable to wait for anything. Usually, by the second meeting with the client I have most of the police reports and understand their case.

Unlike people of other races, blacks never see their lawyer as someone who is there to help them. I am a part of the system against which they are waging war. They often explode with anger at me and are quick to blame me for anything that goes wrong in their case.

Black men often try to trip me up and challenge my knowledge of the law or the facts of the case. I appreciate sincere questions about the elements of the offense or the sentencing guidelines, but blacks ask questions to test me. Unfortunately, they are almost always wrong in their reading or understanding of the law, and this can cause friction. I may repeatedly explain the law, and provide copies of the statute showing, for example, why my client must serve six years if convicted, but he continues to believe that a hand-written note from his "cellie" is controlling law.

The Risks Of Trial

The Constitution allows a defendant to make three crucial decisions in his case. He decides whether to plead guilty or not guilty. He decides whether to have a bench trial or a jury trial. He decides whether he will testify or whether he will remain silent. A client who insists on testifying is almost always making a terrible mistake, but I cannot stop him.

Most blacks are unable to speak English well. They cannot conjugate verbs. They have a poor grasp of verb tenses. They have a limited vocabulary. They cannot speak without swearing. They often become hostile on the stand. Many, when they testify, show a complete lack of empathy and are unable to conceal a morality based on the satisfaction of immediate, base needs. This is a disaster, especially in a jury trial. Most jurors are white, and are appalled by the demeanor of uneducated, criminal blacks.

Prosecutors are delighted when a black defendant takes the stand. It is like shooting fish in a barrel. However, the defense usually gets to cross-examine the black victim, who is likely to make just as bad an impression on the stand as the defendant. This is an invaluable gift to the defense, because jurors may not convict a defendant—even if they think he is guilty—if they dislike the victim even more than they dislike the defendant.

Most criminal cases do not go to trial. Often the evidence against the accused is overwhelming, and the chances of conviction are high. The defendant is better off with a plea bargain: pleading guilty to a lesser charge and getting a lighter sentence.

The decision to plead to a lesser charge turns on the strength of the evidence. When blacks ask the ultimate question—"Will we win at trial?"—I tell them I cannot know, but I then describe the strengths and weaknesses of our case. The weaknesses are usually obvious: There are five eyewitnesses against you. Or, you made a confession to both the detective and your grandmother. They found you in possession of a pink cell phone with a case that has rhinestones spelling the name of the victim of the robbery. There is a video of the murderer wearing the same shirt you were wearing when you were arrested, which has the words "In Da Houz" on the back, not to mention you have the same "RIP Pookie 7/4/12" tattoo on your neck as the man in the video. Etc.

If you tell a black man that the evidence is very harmful to his case, he will blame *you*. "You ain't workin' fo' me." "It like you workin' with da State." Every public defender hears this. The more you try to explain the

evidence to a black man, the angrier he gets. It is my firm belief many blacks are unable to discuss the evidence against them rationally because they cannot view things from the perspective of others. They simply cannot understand how the facts in the case will appear to a jury.

This inability to see things from someone else's perspective helps explain why there are so many black criminals. They do not understand the pain they are inflicting on others. One of my robbery clients is a good example. He and two co-defendants walked into a small store run by two young women. All three men were wearing masks. They drew handguns and ordered the women into a back room. One man beat a girl with his gun. The second man stood over the second girl while the third man emptied the cash register. All of this was on video.

My client was the one who beat the girl. When he asked me, "What are our chances at trial?" I said, "Not so good." He immediately got angry, raised his voice, and accused me of working with the prosecution. I asked him how he thought a jury would react to the video. "They don't care," he said. I told him the jury would probably feel deeply sympathetic towards these two women and would be angry at him because of how he treated them. I asked him whether he felt bad for the women he had beaten and terrorized. He told me what I suspected—what too many blacks say about the suffering of others: "What do I care? She ain't me. She ain't kin. Don't even know her."

As a public defender, I have learned many things about people. One is that defendants do not have fathers. If a black even knows the name of his father, he knows of him only as a shadowy person with whom he has absolutely no ties. When a client is sentenced, I often beg for mercy on the grounds that the defendant did not have a father and never had a chance in life. I have often tracked down the man's father–in jail–and have brought him to the sentencing hearing to testify that he never knew his son and never lifted a finger to help him. Often, this is the first time my client has ever met his father. *These meetings are utterly unemotional*.

Many black defendants don't even have mothers who care about them. Many are raised by grandmothers after the state removes the children from an incompetent teenaged mother. Many of these mothers and grandmothers are mentally unstable, and are completely disconnected from the realities they face in court and in life. A 47-year-old grandmother will deny that her grandson has gang ties even though his forehead is tattooed with a gang

sign or slogan. When I point this out in as kind and understanding way as I can, she screams at me. When black women start screaming, they invoke the name of Jesus and shout swear words in the same breath.

Black women have great faith in God, but they have a twisted understanding of His role. They do not pray for strength or courage. They pray for results: the satisfaction of immediate needs. One of my clients was a black woman who prayed in a circle with her accomplices for God's protection from the police before they would set out to commit a robbery.

The mothers and grandmothers pray in the hallways—not for justice, but for acquittal. When I explain that the evidence that their beloved child murdered the shopkeeper is overwhelming, and that he should accept the very fair plea bargain I have negotiated, they will tell me that he is going to trial and will "ride with the Lord." They tell me they speak to God every day and He assures them that the young man will be acquitted.

The mothers and grandmothers do not seem to be able to imagine and understand the consequences of going to trial and losing. Some—and this is a shocking reality it took me a long time to grasp—don't really care what happens to the client, but want to make it *look* as though they care. This means pounding their chests in righteous indignation, and insisting on going to trial despite terrible evidence. They refuse to listen to the one person—me—who has the knowledge to make the best recommendation. These people soon lose interest in the case, and stop showing up after about the third or fourth court date. It is then easier for me to convince the client to act in his own best interests and accept a plea agreement.

Part of the problem is that underclass black women begin having babies at age 15. They continue to have babies, with different black men, until they have had five or six. These women do not go to school. They do not work. They are not ashamed to live on public money. They plan their entire lives around the expectation that they will always get free money and never have to work. I do not see this among whites, Hispanics, or any other people.

The black men who become my clients also do not work. They get Social Security disability payments for a mental defect or for a vague and invisible physical ailment. They do not pay for anything: not for housing (Grandma lives on welfare and he lives with her), not for food (Grandma and the baby-momma share with him), and not for child support. When I learn that my 19-year-old defendant does not work or go to school, I ask,

“What do you do all day?” He smiles. “You know, just chill.” These men live in a culture with no expectations, no demands, and no shame.

If you tell a black to dress properly for trial, and don’t give specific instructions, he will arrive in wildly inappropriate clothes. I represented a woman who was on trial for drugs; she wore a baseball cap with a marijuana leaf embroidered on it. I represented a man who wore a shirt that read “rules are for suckers” to his probation hearing. Our office provides suits, shirts, ties, and dresses for clients to wear for jury trials. Often, it takes a whole team of lawyers to persuade a black to wear a shirt and tie instead of gang colors.

From time to time the media report that although blacks are 12 percent of the population they are 40 percent of the prison population. This is supposed to be an outrage that results from unfair treatment by the criminal justice system. What the media only hint at is another staggering reality: recidivism. Black men are arrested and convicted over and over. It is typical for a black man to have five felony convictions before the age of 30. This kind of record is rare among whites and Hispanics, and probably even rarer among Asians.

At one time our office was looking for a motto that defined our philosophy. Someone joked that it should be: “Doesn’t everyone deserve an eleventh chance?”

I am a liberal. I believe that those of us who are able to produce abundance have a moral duty to provide basic food, shelter, and medical care for those who cannot care for themselves. I believe we have this duty even to those who can care for themselves but don’t. This world view requires compassion and a willingness to act on it.

My experience has taught me that we live in a nation in which a jury is more likely to convict a black defendant who has committed a crime against a white. Even the dullest of blacks know this. There would be a lot more black-on-white crime if this were not the case.

However, my experience has also taught me that blacks are different by almost any measure to all other people. They cannot reason as well. They cannot communicate as well. They cannot control their impulses as well. They are a threat to all who cross their paths, black and non-black alike.

I do not know the solution to this problem. I do know that it is wrong to deceive the public. Whatever solutions we seek should be based on the truth

rather than what we would prefer was the truth. As for myself, I will continue do my duty to protect the rights of all who need me.

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COMMUNITY

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Displaced: A White American Talks About Home

One Man's Struggle for Community

Interview by Robert S. Griffin

This is an interview with Denis Ruiz, a 50-year-old computer programmer who lives with his wife and daughter near Philadelphia. A short time before I interviewed him, he learned he had non-Hodgkins lymphoma, a form of cancer.

I grew up in the 1950s in a little town called Fairview Village in south Jersey. It was a planned community designed by a fellow named Litchfield, and offered a pleasant environment for people who worked in the shipyard in nearby Camden. Fairview Village had what you could call garden community architecture. Brick houses were attached to each other in clusters of four, and sometimes two, so the houses were in rows, but the rows were broken up. The houses all had yards, and there were common areas on every block where they didn't build houses. Some blocks had no houses at all; there was just grass and trees. Neighbors would walk their dogs, and kids would play football.

People planted lovely oak trees, so by the time I lived there the trees were mature, maybe sixteen to eighteen inches in diameter. There was a town square with park benches, and people would sit and talk and get to know each other, and there were stores and businesses. It was a socially and economically self-contained unit. Looking back on it, the neighborhood where I grew up seems idyllic, with its parks and shaded streets. In fact, one fellow who had lived in England remarked that Fairview Village was like a little English town.

In the late 1950s, economic changes had a big effect on my hometown. The shipyard folded, as did an iron and forge plant where a lot of people worked. So the town was weakened. But I think it would have rebounded

by the end of the 1970s as other businesses reflecting the change away from industrialization came into that area—like the business I am in, the computer business. But that never happened because a second process was at work: the integration of non-whites.

Before it became illegal, realtors in Fairview Village showed houses only to white families. Although this has been painted as unfair, it reflected the desires of the people who lived there. They wanted to live among their own people. They wanted to live in a white community. Now, I see this as the highest form of self-determination: people defining their own community, deciding what comes into their collective lives, determining their own standards.

It doesn't matter if their standards don't seem rational or moral to someone else. People have a right to decide who they will live with. This is not a matter of rationality or of morality. It is simply human. It's not that they have ill will toward anyone; it's just that they know what atmosphere they like. When realtors screened people and showed houses only to whites, it wasn't a dark conspiracy. They were being true to the community, part of the community. But, of course, the issue was never defined this way, and in the late '60s-early '70s lawsuits forced realtors to sell houses to blacks and anyone else who wanted to move in.

A lot of the blacks who moved in have been "section eights." Section eight is part of a law according to which the government helps pay the rent for poor minorities, so they can afford to move into white areas. "Section eight" has turned out to be deadly poison for the Fairview Village of my youth.

The neighborhood where I grew up is now a wasteland. Whites are still a majority—55 percent—but Fairview Village has gone the way of a typical urban black area. When I was living there, when a tree died, an Irish guy named Fred Fagan would plant a new one. Now, those saplings are mighty trees. When a tree dies these days, no one plants a new one. There is broken glass everywhere, and things like busted up shopping carts block the alleys. Many of the old brick houses are covered with some kind of awful siding. When I was a kid, people made repairs and restorations in the mode of the architecture of the town. Now, the houses are all different, from one to the next, and there is no common thread to their appearance. There used to be hedges and white picket fences that lent a common feel to the area—no more.

My mother still lives there. When I get out of my car I wonder, “Is this an ambush? Is someone going to jump me?” Recently, a black teenager knocked my mother to the ground injuring her, and took her purse. This sort of thing was unheard of in the old neighborhood, but it is common now. The black woman across the street was just arrested for robbing 7-Eleven stores.

When I was growing up, kids could go anywhere in town. We could go in the woods and explore down by the creek. Now, you would never allow your child even to walk around the block. Just this year, two black men abducted a young white woman, took her where we used to play ball, and raped, and murdered her. Heinous crimes happen regularly there.

There is no sense of connectedness among the people in my old hometown. A white teenager hanged himself in his bedroom. The word is he spent a lot of time alone, listening to rap music. So much popular music these days is dark and sinister, and for someone already on the edge, as I assume this kid was, that can be deadly. In the old days, the risk of a terrible thing like this was much less. Back then, this boy would have had a supportive white community and way of life.

The place I live in now, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, was clean and safe when my wife and I moved here 15 years ago, but the pattern of my childhood home has been repeated. Non-whites have moved in, and the neighborhood has deteriorated drastically. Before, there was a fair number of poor white people, but they were never a problem.

We have problems now, and I increasingly find this isn’t a suitable place for my family. It doesn’t reflect our heritage and values. The Catholic school here pushes multiracialism and doesn’t emphasize academic excellence. My daughter, who went there for a time, told us the black boys were aggressive, and that she didn’t like them. That didn’t come from us; we hadn’t said a word to her about race. We learned first hand, and the hard way, that these liberal, multicultural schools don’t work. We realized that we wanted a school of our own flavor. The school that provides the closest thing to a European-type education is unfortunately 35 miles from where we live. So, every day, either my wife or I drive 35 miles there and back. At the same time, because of the expansion of office parks, what used to be a nine-mile drive to my work is now a 25-mile drive.

What this means is that there is no neighborhood here for me at all. A neighborhood is where your friends are, and where your kids go to school, and where you work—that’s what makes a neighborhood. Our people like

to be bound to the earth. I need to belong to a certain soil, to a certain locality, and I need to stay in that locality, and for that process to go on for generations. I really believe that my desire to be grounded—literally—is a basic white or European impulse. There are cultural factors working against us, like increased consumerism and individualism, and there's the globalization of the economy. But whatever is going on, I have to go to some other part of the region to find work. I feel like a migrant worker.

A lot of whites have been building gigantic houses on three-quarter-acre lots in the far reaches of the suburbs, and this makes them pretty much impervious to encroachment; blacks are not going to go there. But these white people lose in the process, too, because they have to own a $350,000 house, and they are paying out of their ears to keep up with the mortgage. All that money could be used to have a richer life on another level with their children and family. If they lived in an old-style house, they could get by on one salary. They wouldn't have to work two jobs. If they could build a simple three bedroom semi-detached house in a town like the one I grew up in, where the lots are small and there are little gardens and walkways and so on, they could have something affordable, and experience something really worthwhile: living in a tight-knit community of white people.

Because of what has happened to the neighborhood, if my wife and I move we won't get more than we paid for our house 15 years ago. Without those changes, I would be in much better financial shape. At one time, my mother's house was a desirable property, but it is worth very little now. I don't want to end up like my mother, or in a situation like the one I'm in now, where the neighborhood is declining, and I have to either stay and feel trapped or get out.

It saddens me to think that I can no longer live where my mother lives and where I grew up. There would be nothing more rewarding than to have a property like that passed down to me in the condition it was once in. Everywhere my family has lived, we made improvements, such as putting in a nice garden or gutting the walls and putting in new sheet rock, and improving the drainage. Over decades, these changes add up to significant improvements: a better garden, a vineyard, fruit trees, a nice deck. By staying in one place, your property improves and you improve the community, and you form deep, lasting connections with people. That is the way our ancestors in Europe lived. They were tied to a place. I feel that I

am all the time planting and that I am never going to get the harvest; that I am never going to live in a true community.

I have talked with my daughter about a country place I'm thinking about buying or building. I asked her, "If Mom and I build a place like that, would you like to stay there, live there after we are gone?" She said yes, she would. She is only 17 years old, but I think she understands the costs of having to pick up and start over, and she doesn't want to get into that pattern. That house will reflect 20 years of our labor. We will plant gardens and fruit trees and a vineyard, and make improvements. And we will be in a community where we are with people who see the world as we do, and we will know people and they will know us. And then we will give the house to our daughter. I'll bet when my wife and I pass on she won't just sell it and move. She will consider it the place where she should live, and she'll build on it herself. My sickness has come out of nowhere, but once I get over this, I'm going to get that house.

Denis didn't get the house. He died a few months after our interview.

Robert S. Griffin is the author of the book, The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds: An Up-Close Portrait of White Nationalist William Pierce. *"Displaced" is adapted from his latest book,* One Sheaf, One Vine: Racially Conscious White Americans Talk About Race. *The book can be ordered from authorhouse.com. This article first appeared in the June 2004 issue of* American Renaissance.

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Katrina Diary

A First-hand Account from Someone Who Saw It All

by James Hendrickson

Twelve years ago, I came to New Orleans, a 23-year-old professional cook, looking for something more exotic than my hometown of Minneapolis. What better place, I thought, than the opposite end of the Mississippi River: New Orleans. Over the years, I learned Cajun cooking and French/Italian Creole in French Quarter restaurants. I rose to the level of *chef de cuisine* in one of the legendary Brennan family restaurants, the same family that groomed Emeril Lagasse and Paul Prudhomme. I don't claim to be another Emeril or Prudhomme, but the experience and knowledge I gained in New Orleans was priceless. The racial knowledge I gained in a city that was 67 percent black was priceless in its own way, too.

As for hurricanes, people in New Orleans thought of them the way people in Los Angeles think of earthquakes. We all knew "The Big One" was coming eventually, but we never thought it really would—not in our lifetimes, anyway.

Friday, August 26

I got home from work and turned on the 10:00 p.m. news to see how badly Florida had been hit by Hurricane Katrina. It was a Category Two storm, and the forecast was for it to turn north, and head further up the East Coast. I felt a sense of relief. It seemed Katrina was coming nowhere near New Orleans. We had dodged another bullet.

Saturday, August 27

All day at work we got conflicting reports. Katrina was going north; Katrina was coming west. The mayor had ordered mandatory evacuations;

the mayor had ordered voluntary evacuations. All roads out of town were grid-locked. No time to worry about it now, since the restaurant was packed.

I got home again in time for the 10:00 p.m. news, and tonight was a different story. Not only had Katrina not turned north, it had picked up strength and was heading straight for New Orleans. I had no car, but plenty of canned food and bottled water, so I battened down the hatches and did what any self-respecting New Orleanian would do: I headed to the bar to wait and watch and worry. I came home around 4:00 or 5:00 a.m. to pray for the best and plan for the worst.

Sunday, August 28

I slept until about 9:00 a.m., watched the news, and began calling family and friends to tell them cell phones would probably be out for several days, but that I would call as soon as I could after the storm. By about 8:00 p.m. there was rain, and the wind was up to a steady blast of about 30 mph with frequent gusts up to 60 mph. Around 9:00 p.m. the power went out. I turned on my battery-powered boom-box but the batteries were dead. I grabbed all the candles I had rounded up, and set up a "camp" of sorts with pillows, blankets and couch cushions in a central hallway with no windows. This is what we had been told to do: keep away from windows in case the wind blows them out and fills the room with shards of glass. I lay in that hallway all night praying, as the wind and noise got worse.

Monday, August 29

About 4:00 a.m. the noise of the wind was deafening and a window or two had blown in. Something very large fell over with a thud in the upstairs apartment, and the water was about two feet deep out in the street. The storm continued to rage and gain strength. It was terrifying. The last weather report I had seen had said the storm would hit the city about 11:00 a.m. Eleven a.m.?

I began to doubt the odds of surviving if this thing was going to get stronger for seven more hours. My apartment at the corner of Josephine and Brainard Streets was on the ground floor of a two-down, two-up, four-unit building on a slightly raised lot. The wood-frame structure sat about two feet off the ground and was fairly new by New Orleans standards, built

perhaps in the 1920s or ’30s. Two feet of water in the street meant I had about another two or three feet before my floors got wet. Two feet of water was not uncommon where I lived. We got two feet of water after a light rain. However, we had always been told that a major hurricane would cover the city with 20 feet of water, and that now seemed entirely possible.

There was a steady racket of debris smashing into things outside, and to distract myself, I started counting time intervals between major gusts. I did this for several hours until I realized the gusts were no longer getting stronger, and the intervals were growing longer. Maybe the worst was over.

By 10:00 am the rain had subsided and there was a hint of daylight in the sky. By noon, the wind had died down enough to risk a walk around the block and survey the damage. Not too bad! Lots of wind damage, missing siding and stripped roofs. A lot of downed trees and power lines, but no flood water. I was safe. I had survived the storm, at least the one provided by Mother Nature.

I got back home and rounded up a bunch of different-sized batteries and some tape, stripped a computer cable and wired it all up to my boom-box and finally got a news report. I was shocked. Whole neighborhoods were under 20 feet of water, and people were being plucked from rooftops all over the city. Conditions in the Superdome were deteriorating.

This was not going to be over in a couple of days. I took a quick inventory of food and water—about six or seven days’ worth if I were careful—and decided I would hole up for as long as I could before heading for an evacuation point. I cooked a hot meal (the gas was still working), and took a cold shower (the water was still running).

I noticed an awful lot of black people—men, women and children—running down my street excitedly, and wondered what was going on. I soon had my answer as a caravan of shopping carts from the Wal-Mart down the street headed back. The carts were loaded with food, basketball shoes, big-screen TVs, and all sorts of electronic gear. I remember one older black lady pushing a cart jammed full of Tide laundry detergent. One black boy of about eight was struggling to keep up with the others because the cart he had filled with goodies had a bum wheel. The looting was definitely a family affair. Nice values to teach your kids, I thought.

It was beginning to get dark outside when it dawned on me that once the stores had been fully looted, the looters would turn to the houses. I grabbed the shotgun from my roommate’s closet (he worked as a chef at the

Superdome and had decided to go there Sunday morning—it was an official refuge from the hurricane). Just my luck: no ammo.

All my windows opened directly onto the street at about chest level, and many of the looters were passing by and looking in. I decided to light all my candles, open the blinds, and sit in front of the windows with the shotgun across my lap just to make sure all my "neighbors" knew there was somebody home.

I stayed up as late as I could watching as bands of drunken young black men began to break into the empty homes on my block. I finally moved all my food and water and some bedding into the windowless bathroom, and barricaded the door with a chair and went to sleep. With all the looting going on outside my windows, I was not taking the chance of being caught asleep and having my food and water stolen—or worse.

Tuesday, August 30

This was a fairly uneventful day for me. If you have ever been in New Orleans in late August you know how hot, humid and miserable it is. Despite the threat from looters, I opened a few windows to catch a whiff of breeze. Also, it made it easier to hear what the bands of roving blacks were saying, and I wanted "street news." All I heard, though, was babbling about where to get the best stuff—two blocks over on wealthy St. Charles Avenue, apparently.

I also listened to the radio. More stories of rooftop rescues, a confirmed report of a cop shot in the head when he tried to stop looters, a desperate call for help from someone in a retirement high-rise full of sick people, and conditions getting worse still in the Superdome. I cooked a hot meal (still had gas), and took a cold shower (still had running water) and sat in front of the windows with my ammo-less shotgun again all day. I retired to the barricaded bathroom for a few hours of sleep.

Wednesday, August 31

I turned on the radio. Things are not good. The Industrial Canal to the east of me was broken, and the 17th Street Canal to the west was broken. Water was pouring into the city. The storm was over, but the water was rising.

I was living in what is called the Garden District, which is upriver from the French Quarter and downtown. The area is and isn't affluent. One block is old Colonial/Civil War era mansions, the next block is old worn-out shanties. I lived somewhere in between. One myth about the busted levees was that they were blown to save rich white neighborhoods, but there really are no rich/poor, black/white neighborhoods in New Orleans. They are all mixed and blended, so you could not flood a poor neighborhood without flooding a rich one.

I was a long way from the levees but I kept a nervous eye on the street outside. Sure enough, water began to bubble up out of the storm drains in front of my house. The mayor was on the radio telling everybody left in the city to head for the only high ground in town—the Superdome or a highway overpass! I tried to cook a hot meal, but there was no more gas. I tried to take a cold shower, but there was no more running water.

The water was rising all over the city and all attempts to halt it had been futile. The radio kept telling us to get out right away. I didn't know how high the water would get in my neighborhood. If I didn't leave, I might end up on a rooftop. I had to make a hard choice: go to the known danger of the Superdome or stay and risk ending up dead, or being rescued from my roof and being airlifted to the Superdome anyway. If I knew then what I know now, I would have risked death and sat on my roof. Instead, I packed a bag with a change of clothes, some food, and bottled water. I headed out to the Superdome, 15 blocks away.

I got to within about three blocks of the dome and discovered it was an island, and the only way in was through nasty-smelling waist- and chest-deep water filled with gas, oil, broken plate glass from skyscrapers, and raw sewage.

I holed up under some shade to rest and get out of the unbearable noon sun before I made the final attempt. There was a convenience store across from me, past a large parking lot covered with water. There were some black teenagers trying to get the metal bars off the front window. After a while they gave up and start monkeying with a construction front-loader parked nearby. They managed to get it started, and tried to drive the thing into the store. A few people almost got run over in the parking lot before an older black man jumped up on the front-loader, kicked the kids off, and parked the thing.

Some time later, a milk truck from the local dairy processor near my house came careening down the flooded street with another black teenager at the wheel. He managed to steer the truck through the front of the convenience store. It was like someone busted open a piñata—there was a mad frenzy of black folks fighting each other to get into that store. The winners came out with garbage bags full of cigarettes, booze, chips, candy, and, most precious of all, ice. Remember, the power had been out for almost three days, and the heat was unbearable. Everyone needed a cold drink. Cold was like gold.

The looters proceeded to sell what they had stolen at extremely inflated prices. It was a sad spectacle.

About 2:00 p.m. I decided it was time for the final push, and headed into the murky waters toward the Superdome entrance ramp. The line was only about a block long, but it took me almost four hours to get in. That was four hours in 100-degree heat, standing in shoes and clothes soaked in gas, oil, and raw sewage. The National Guard had stationed only two people to go through everyone and his belongings.

The line was 99 percent black and very ill tempered and ill behaved. Fights kept breaking out among rival gang members. The line would get muddled and the guard would have to stop processing people and restore order. This was no place for a lone white boy. The blacks repeatedly called me “cracka-ass-mutha-fucka” or “bitch,” and violently shoved any non-black aside to let “homies” into the line in front of us. After about three hours of this I seriously considered going back out into that filthy water, and finding a place to hide in one of the nearby high-rises, but the dome was the only evacuation point in the area. I toughed it out because I wanted to get out of this disaster.

I eventually got inside the dome and immediately regretted it. It was an absolutely putrid-smelling zoo. The air was so foul I could barely keep from throwing up even with my shirt pulled up over my nose. The strong urine/feces/ammonia smell made my eyes burn, and it was hard to see because the only light came from wall-mounted battery-powered emergency lights. The bathrooms had stopped working the day after the storm, so people started urinating and defecating any place they could find. The main concourse around the inside of the dome was a river of urine. I do not know how all those people inside could stand it.

I made a bee-line to the nearest exit, which led outside onto the open-air, second-floor plaza that surrounds the dome. It was packed with people but at least the air was breathable.

I was utterly alone, exhausted and surrounded by angry blacks. Apparently, the dome had become a "blacks only" area, and I was "white-boy," "white-bread," "white mutha fucka," "cracka-ass bitch," or "ho." I found a piece of cardboard, cleared a patch of the cobblestone plaza of trash near a National Guard outpost, and lay down to rest. It was a very long night.

The guardsmen were 90 percent white, mostly from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas. Every so often some loud-mouthed black would get in their faces and start screaming about how the white man blew up the levees. Why wasn't the gub'mint sweeping all 30 thousand of us off to safety this very minute? Why were they leaving "black folk" here to die in the dome? Time and again the mob was whipped into a near riot by these screamers. Every time the crowd got going I thought, "This is it for you, white boy." I was very grateful for the presence of the National Guard, even if there were very few guardsmen.

That was how I spent my first sleepless night at the Superdome: alone and scared.

Thursday, September 1

I decided to reconnoiter the area and found a white family of four. We agreed to stick together and watch each others' backs. Later, I ran into a former co-worker and he happened to know the family I had hooked up with. We picked up a few more stray white people and circled the wagons.

The men in our group paired up and went out in shifts in the day-time and scavenged enough junk to build makeshift sun shelters. There were elderly black couples who desperately needed help, and we gave them food and water and built shelters for them, too. Young belligerent blacks seemed to take pride in knocking the shelters down. They didn't care whether blacks or whites were using them. They were only too happy to knock down anything, especially anything whites had built.

The National Guard at this point was very undermanned and seemingly leaderless. They dared not attempt anything more than keeping the chaos away from the rescue chopper landing pads and their own area. This meant

there was indescribable destruction that went unpunished. Even more shocking was the outright joy young ghetto blacks took in acting as savagely as they wanted with no threat of consequences. They broke into all of the more than 80 private suites and every office in the dome, and stole the alcohol and anything else of value. Then, most disgustingly, they smashed everything and anything they couldn't cart off. They completely smashed the TV broadcast room. Millions of dollars of equipment was smashed in that room alone. Other expensive equipment was similarly smashed, and I mean smashed beyond recognition, much less repair. It was pure, senseless destruction.

I spent yet another sleepless night, not alone, but still plenty scared.

Friday, September 2

Today, the guard brought in pallets of military-issue Meals Ready to Eat and bottled water, but they just dropped the pallets and ran. Gang-bangers swarmed off with cases of everything, and began selling them to starving and thirsty people before we could get there.

After their day of drinking and smashing, the "bruthas" got bored and turned their attention to the women. I did not personally witness a rape, but I certainly witnessed the aftermath. The accused man was cornered by the crowd outside on the plaza near me. All I saw was a screaming, punching, kicking mob, and then a dead body carted off an hour later by the guard. I remember thinking "Thank God it wasn't a white guy who did it!"

That crowd was already furious at the white man, and we felt like lit matches in a dynamite factory. Through the night, gang fights broke out around and through and over us. Whenever things got hot, we moved. To stand and fight would have been suicide. When the people next to us got too rowdy and started cursing us "white boys," we packed up our hard-won cardboard mats, milk-crate chairs, military cots, and our plastic beer advertisement banner-cum-sun-shades, and moved on around the plaza to some place less racially restless. One wannabe black leader confronted our group about how the flood was all our fault. We asked why, if it was our fault, we were trapped in there too. He went off on a crazy Farrakhan-type rant, and we moved once again.

It was at some point during this night that some "homies" sneaked out past the National Guard and went back through that nasty water to the

projects to get crack and guns. The crack was soon all over the dome and made the previous two days seem peaceful by comparison. We heard gunfire throughout the night, but could not tell who was doing the shooting.

The only bright spot in this day was seeing squads of nine soldiers each making the rounds wearing red berets. I believe it was the 82nd Airborne that had arrived to help out. There were also soldiers in black berets with Air Force Special Forces insignia. These were not the green farm boys of the National Guard. They were combat veterans, and everybody knew just from looking at them they would take no nonsense! Even the ghetto thugs noticed they carried sub-machine guns instead of M-16s, and the guys with shotguns weren't carrying bean-bag rounds like the guardsmen. Several of these soldiers said they had felt safer patrolling Baghdad. We had high hopes that things would get better, but they didn't. The Special Forces guys were sent to deal with snipers shooting at rescue helicopters and boats.

That day, there was an elderly, blind black man wandering around lost by himself. He seemed to be in pretty bad shape. We tried to escort him to a guard station, but he wouldn't go. We gave him water and left him alone. I saw a little black baby—maybe about three years old—in nothing but a filthy diaper, wandering around in trash and broken glass looking for his momma. That was the first. The last two I saw like that didn't even have a dirty diaper on. I tried not to cry, and to get some sleep. It was an awful day.

Saturday, September 3

This day started badly but got a little better. As the sun was about to rise, I saw a series of bright red fireworks-like flashes followed by very loud explosions near the river behind the high-rises next to the dome. Someone heard on the radio that a chemical warehouse had blown up and that the toxic smoke was drifting towards us. The warehouse turned out not to have chemicals in it after all.

The heat index was 115 degrees, and the mentally ill, homeless, sick and elderly were dropping dead all around us. There was no hospital for them, and the plaza got so crowded that it was impossible to move away from the bodies. The best we could do was pass them along through the mob to the nearest Guard medic. I helped haul two bodies, and I saw about a dozen bodies bundled along, all but two of them on this day.

The “bruthas” camped next to us were selling and smoking crack, and getting wasted on stolen booze. We were not comforted by this. One apparently senile old white man who had crapped in his pants stumbled into a group of young blacks. They pushed him away and he fell down. They then kicked him and beat him with poles. Yes, I saw an old man beaten to death. Another old guy whom we had given food and water the night before turned up dead that day, but we didn’t know how he died.

One “brutha” was selling stolen leather New Orleans Saints jackets from the sports store. Another “brutha” was selling 25-year-old Saints memorabilia from the office of Saints owner Tom Benson. Somebody else figured out how to fire up the portable propane grills in one of the kitchens and started selling burgers made of three-day-old unrefrigerated meat. The place caught fire and filled with smoke. The Guard soon put the fire out, and the happy chef was hauled away in cuffs and leg irons screaming “I ain’t did nuthin’ wrong. These crackers gonna shoot me an I ain’t did nuthin’.”

Until today, the Guard had thrown down supplies and run for it. This day, there was an orderly delivery. The soldiers made a perimeter around the food/water drop and rationed the stuff out: one mouth, one MRE and two bottles of water. No exceptions.

We noticed that “bruthas” would eat the entree and dessert out of two or three MREs and throw the rest away unopened. We picked up and saved what they tossed (cheese and crackers, rice, pasta, fruit salad packs, etc.). They threw away the instant coffee packs, too. We discovered that if we ate our food cold, we could combine the MRE heater packs to boil water and have coffee in the morning.

Plenty of people offered to sell us booze. No one needed a good belt more than we did, but we knew it would be dumb to drink alcohol in that kind of heat with limited water, and dumber still to dull our senses in that environment.

By now, many of us were on our third day of little or no sleep, constant threats, noise, chaos, and vicious heat and humidity. Evacuations had begun on Thursday, but the line to get to the line to get in line for a bus was a mob of pushing, shoving, trampling angry black people. The younger and stronger were pushing aside the old and weak. We decided it would be saner and safer to wait until the crowds thinned in the wee hours of the morning. We planned on spending another day in hell.

Sunday, September 4

About midnight we were surprised to see that the line had shrunk from 100 people wide and several blocks long to just a straggle of people. We then realized that all the people still left around us didn't want to leave. This was one big party for them. They were used to living hand-to-mouth, and now they had a supply of drugs and booze, and the Army was handing out food and water every day. We packed up our stuff and made a break for it.

To get to the loading area we worked our way through a zigzag of crowd-control barricades like a cattle pen. We were astounded by the mountains of rubbish people had brought with them to the dome. Going out, we were allowed only one bag per person. People had brought grocery carts and suitcases, and were forced to leave them all behind. As we waited in our cattle pen, we watched as "brutha" after "brutha" was arrested trying to sneak piles of stuff stolen onto the buses. People were stupid enough to try to push a shopping cart right in front of soldiers and police, with such things as a Fender concert-sized speaker cabinet with the words "Property of Superdome" painted right on the side. Someone tried to get out with a brand new mountain bike from the Saints sport shop with the price tag still on it. Yet another man tried to get on the bus with a large box fan still in the carton with the Wal-Mart price tag on it. That wasn't so strange until his wife and 4 small kids followed him, each carrying identical fans in identical boxes. We cheered when they were arrested.

We finally got on our school bus about 4:00 a.m. Governor Blanco had ordered all school bus drivers in the state to report for evacuation duty, and our driver was a very cute, very sweet volunteer driver from rural Madisonville, Louisiana. She could drive a bus as if it were a race car. I don't know why we had to go so fast, except maybe to dodge snipers or because our military escort set the pace.

We raced through twisting half-flooded streets, past blazing buildings. We felt like we were in an old war movie, making a daring escape. We passed a great many cattle and horses that had drowned and ended up in ditches to rot. Our first reaction to the smell was "This is gross; it smells like the dome all over again." It got very quiet when we realized why the dome smelled like dead animals. It wasn't animals back there in the dome.

Our bus stopped in the middle of nowhere on the West Bank across from the city and up-river. It was pitch black and hard to see. We were told

we were meeting a train and were not to get off the bus until it arrived. We looked around and saw there were two squads of soldiers, one on each side of the road, lying down prone in the ditches with M-16s aimed at us. They must have heard stories about what happened in the dome, and were taking no chances.

Our "Amtrak" train arrived and it was staffed by very serious-looking men with sidearms, whose jackets only said "Federal Agent." They ended up being very gracious, professional, and genuinely concerned for our comfort, but they also never took their eyes off of us. We rode the train to Lafayette, Louisiana, where we switched to Greyhound buses for the last leg to Houston.

It was on the bus that it really sunk in—all we had been through and overcome. We had worked together and comforted each other, friend and stranger alike, and we had made it out of there. We did what you would expect any decent human being to do. But it was the white people who took care of their own and of as many other people as we could, no matter what color they were. The "bruthas" were perfectly content to let their own old and sick be pushed aside in the food and water lines or roast in the sun. We were a small band of white brothers in a sea of angry, uncooperative blacks.

If the few of us who were together in the Superdome can survive that onslaught of black hostility, there is still hope for America and Western Civilization. In the end, it was our civility, our teamwork and our willingness to sacrifice personal comfort for the needs of the group that got us through. That and lots of prayer.

I have since been repatriated to my hometown of Minneapolis, back with my family, marveling at the concept of snow. I am working for Wolfgang Puck. Every storm has a silver lining.

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SOUTH AFRICA

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South Africa under Black Rule

A Personal Account of the Transition

by Gedaliah Braun

South Africa is now ruled by blacks; the only prosperous country on the continent has been handed on a platter to Africans. While the country has not sunk overnight into the morass of the rest of Africa, and while most of the dire predictions of the white right have not come to pass, a dispassionate view of the last four years gives one no confidence that South Africa's future will be fundamentally different from that of other black-ruled nations. Virtually every trait that makes one skeptical of black rule—dishonesty, deviousness, incompetence, corruption, unreliability, and callous indifference to human suffering—manifests itself daily.

When I first visited South Africa in 1986, after a decade in other parts of black Africa, it was at the end of the apartheid era. The contrast with the rest of Africa was stunning: all of the amenities one associates with the modern world—from telephones to potable water to public toilets—were plentiful in South Africa.

Most of the apartheid legislation was still in place, though much of it was becoming a dead letter. Apartheid's ostensible goal was an exclusively white South Africa, with most blacks living in nominally independent tribal "homelands." Those living in South African townships near whites were "temporary sojourners" and thus were not, for example, allowed to own businesses, as this would give them a degree of permanence.

Influx Control, limiting the migration of blacks into urban areas—white or black—had already been scrapped. The pass laws, however, were still enforced. These laws, which were probably the most determined attempt at white control over blacks, required blacks to carry a kind of internal passport: any black male in a white area after dark without the proper endorsement in his book could be arrested and taken to special courts. It

was the extension of pass laws to women that supposedly led to demonstrations and the "Sharpeville Massacre" of 1960.

Contrary to accepted wisdom, I believe that many blacks knew and understood the reasons for these laws. While many blacks no doubt saw the pass laws as onerous, it is not uncommon for someone to suffer on account of a law but still understand the reasons for it. If I am a heavy smoker, I will suffer on a long flight without a cigarette, but may nevertheless admit that there are good reasons for the prohibition.

Black men, as a group, are trouble—they are violent and prone to criminality—and the pass laws were designed to control their movements. (An Afrikaans phrase never far from white consciousness was *swart gevaar* —"black danger.")

If today there were a way to get young men off the streets of Soweto after dark, I am sure the vast majority of its peace-loving residents would approve enthusiastically. Indeed, the head of one of the most influential think-tanks in South Africa recently told me that a group of his black employees had said that the only way to deal with the problems of the "new South Africa" was to "bring back the pass laws!"

The major watershed event in recent South African history came in February 1990, when the last white president, F. W. de Klerk, announced that the black liberation organization, the African National Congress (ANC), was to be unbanned, Nelson Mandela released from prison, and all remaining apartheid legislation abolished. This led to four years of "negotiations" during which the whites could do little but give in to the demands of the ANC. The results were the one-man-one-vote elections of April 1994, in which the ANC won just under two thirds of the vote and a corresponding proportion of the members of Parliament (MPs).

White Neighborhoods

Probably the most significant direct effect of black rule has been the dramatic rise in crime, primarily black-on-white. With the abolition of the Group Areas Act, which had designated specific neighborhoods for specific racial groups, blacks began moving into white neighborhoods. This was slow at first because, I would guess, many blacks could not believe whites would allow it. My neighborhood near central Johannesburg, which was still substantially white as late as 1995, is now overwhelmingly black.

What are the consequences? A few years ago, it was difficult to find a parking space on the street at night. Now, theft and vandalism are so bad that you simply cannot leave a car out at night. Rubbish is everywhere. Few people—white or black—feel safe walking after dark. In short, we have what follows any transition from white to black.

Why haven't I moved? For one thing, my income is limited and moving is expensive. Second, I've lived in close proximity to blacks in Africa for 12 years; as individuals, I do not dislike them. Third, I don't have children.

Another change since black rule has been the growth of the black taxi industry. In 1986, public transport was still segregated; blacks had separate buses that ran between Johannesburg and the townships. Some time in the 1980s minivans began appearing, taking blacks anywhere they wanted to go. Originally hailed as precursors to the development of large-scale black businesses, the industry soon degenerated into competitive tribal cabals that dealt with rivals in the way they knew best: by killing them. One consequence, however, was that blacks had easy access to white areas hitherto out of bounds, which paved the way for the invasion that eventually occurred.

Psychological Impact

Even though the Western media grudgingly acknowledge that post-apartheid South Africa has seen an enormous eruption in crime, virtually no one attempts to explain it. I believe the reasons for it are psychological, and that probably the most important consequence of doing away with apartheid was its effect on black psychology.

To begin with, there is ample evidence that African blacks feel inferior to whites. The reasons for this are not hard to understand: In most of the ways that count in today's world, blacks as a group are generally less able than whites and are not so foolish as to fail to recognize this. Most Africans are indifferent to the emotionally charged refusals by whites—typically those with the least contact with blacks—to recognize racial differences. My own basis for saying that blacks accept these differences is my experience of talking to hundreds of Africans. However, one fairly typical piece of "objective" evidence can be found in this statement by two militant black American psychiatrists, William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, in their book *Black Rage*:

> The fact of the matter is that black people are inclined to regard the white man as superior. There are examples without number in the patois and the everyday behavior of millions of blacks which speak for the fact that they do indeed feel that the white man is intrinsically better. (p. 191.)

One discovery I made living in black Africa is that virtually all blacks unaffected by liberal egalitarian ideology not only recognize this inequality but are not in the least bothered by it! I say this after countless conversations with blacks all over the indigenous black world. Ask any African why blacks can't, for example, make airplanes or computers and he'll look at you as if you were foolish for asking, since the answer is obvious: "The white man has the brain for it and we don't!"

Perhaps because of this, among themselves, blacks often seem consumed by a need to feel superior and to achieve "status." From a black point of view, the best way to do this is to make someone else (feel) inferior to you, since if he is inferior you must be superior. This helps explain much of the callous and often brutal behavior of black nurses, policemen, school teachers and the like: When they find themselves in even the most petty positions of authority, many blacks lord it over their underlings in the most extravagant manner.

When blacks saw the white man dismantling the mechanisms of apartheid, and in general deferring to black wishes, they asked themselves: "Why is he doing this? It's certainly not because we deserve it." The obvious answer was that the white man was foolish, weak, and frightened, and this diminished the fear, respect, and even awe that facilitated white control.

Black criminal predators have a bully mentality, naturally preying on the weak. Fear in others incites them as blood to a shark. And fear is precisely what they detect in whites. The result is that potential black criminals, long kept at bay by their own fear, were let off the leash—with wholly predictable results.

Even aside from violent crime, one indication of the level of lawlessness here is that one will see more people flagrantly running red lights in one day than one is likely to see in a lifetime in America. Also, since the end of white rule, the likelihood of a black man being arrested for such 'minor' offenses as openly urinating in the street is zero.

In general, blacks tend either to follow rules slavishly, not grasping the possibility of exceptions under any circumstances, or simply to flout the law. One might regard this as a typical manifestation of the apparent lack among Africans of the concept of *gradation*: something is either on or off, all or nothing; therefore, once they start breaking laws they tend to break them all.

I believe a similar change in black psychology has occurred in the United States. From 1969 to 1973 I lived in New Orleans, in a white neighborhood, though half a block away it was black. I could walk anywhere, night or day. By the mid-1980s, however, things had changed dramatically: Everyone had stories about black-on-white crime, and areas that had for years been white were being abandoned. What caused this turnaround? In the early 1980s, New Orleans got its first black mayor. My conjecture is that the increase in crime was disproportionately black-on-white, and was associated with decreasing fear and respect for whites brought on by access to political power: "What do we have to fear? We're as good as the white man! The mayor himself is black!"

Dinesh D'Souza makes a related point in his book, *The End of Racism*:

> These pathologies have existed in the black community since slavery, but they have been restricted and contained both by white-imposed discipline and black-imposed norms enforced by churches and local community institutions. But those institutions have been greatly weakened since the 1960s, and in the new environment of social permissiveness and government subsidy, black pathologies have proliferated. (p. 37.)

Black criminal propensities were previously held in check by slavery, segregation, apartheid, and strict tribal custom. Remove these constraints and pathologies assert themselves.

Another factor contributing to the rise in crime is the extent to which the newly Africanized South African Police Service itself engages in crime. The police will stop an innocent black driver and tell him his car is stolen and must be confiscated on the spot. When the hapless owner goes to the township police station he discovers that his car has vanished! Given the level of police incompetence and corruption, there is no practical recourse. To my knowledge, this sort of thing occurs almost exclusively in black

areas, presumably because in white areas there are still white policemen whose presence is sufficient to deter it.

Not unlike black nurses and black school teachers, black policemen are on the whole pretty useless. Since 1990 or so, the previously white higher echelons, which kept the rank and file in at least a state of semi-discipline, have also become black. In general, Africans simply cannot manage. They are incapable of running any large establishment and lack the discipline, organization and cooperation necessary to control crime. Although this may sound harsh I believe they also lack the necessary morality. Police will obviously be more effective if they are morally outraged by crime and feel, viscerally, that it is bad. I would doubt there are many African police, at any level, who feel this way.

In passing, I would note that one of the more remarkable spectacles in the aftermath of the black crime epidemic is that "liberal" politicians are so vociferous in complaining about it! No one ever points out that these same people were themselves instrumental in bringing about the very conditions that gave rise to the entirely foreseeable results they now condemn. They are also the ones whose wealth protects them from the effects of black rule, and are the first to flee the country.

The New Constitution

To understand the recent changes in South Africa, one must realize how firmly Western liberal egalitarian ideology has taken root at the top levels of society. In many cases I do not think the leaders really believe in what they espouse, but are so in thrall to Western political correctness that they flout many of their most deeply held customs and traditions.

For example, one of the first things the newly created Constitutional Court did was unanimously to declare capital punishment unconstitutional. Nelson Mandela defended this by saying that the white government had unjustly executed many blacks, implying that if capital punishment were left on the books, the new black government would feel compelled to follow the white example! Persistent calls for a referendum on this question have been ignored.

The black elite is radically out of step with the man in the street. There is widespread approval of the township vigilantes who administer on-the-spot capital punishment to thieves caught in the markets—just as is done in

Nigeria or Kenya. No one doubts what the results of a referendum would be.

Also, today's South Africa is officially a haven for homosexuals, but one thing I learned from living in black Africa is that homosexuality is anathema there. Many Nigerians, for example, refuse to believe that it exists, and when it is explained to them, regard it with undisguised loathing and contempt. President Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe is typical of Africans in his view that homosexuals are despicable. In spite of this, the South African Constitution goes beyond any other in ensuring the "rights" of homosexuals. There are gay parades, gay marriage will almost certainly be institutionalized, and in general it is politically unacceptable publicly to say anything bad about homosexuality.

Feminism is another alien Western import. Africa is a male-dominated continent. Women are there to serve men's needs, to bear and raise children, and to take care of the home. This subservience is nicely illustrated by the fact that Daniel Arap Moi, the president of Kenya for the last 20 years, has never appeared in public with his wife and nothing whatever is known about her; it's as if she didn't exist. Nothing could better illustrate the place of women in Africa.

Yet in South Africa, the constant refrain is that the country is now a "nonracist, nonsexist democracy." The ANC insists that a third of its MPs be women! An MP of my acquaintance tells me that many of these women are illiterate and hopelessly ignorant. Further idiocies are found in attempts to integrate the armed forces sexually, as in the US. In addition, South Africa now has probably the most liberal available-on-demand abortion laws in the world, even though this goes very much against the African grain.

Given that the black elite has ignored ordinary blacks' sensibilities, one might ask for evidence of black resistance to these moves. Such a query assumes that Africans are in the habit of protesting things they don't like, and yet nothing could be further from the truth. Blacks have a sheep-like mentality, are overawed by authority, and are therefore easily cowed. Whatever they may think, they will keep their mouths shut. In any case, "protest" would have to be organized by black leaders. But no black leader is likely to object publicly to the officially sanctioned legitimization of homosexuality, for example.

Indeed, while blacks may find homosexuality revolting, it must be noted that their feelings tend to be both shallow and mercurial. However harsh it may sound to say so, blacks are, in many ways, child-like, and this is illustrated by the often superficial quality of their emotions. They are easily provoked into violence and mayhem but, like chameleons, they can turn completely docile the next moment.

A recent incident is perhaps revealing. I was driving in heavy traffic, and cut in front of a black taxi. As luck would have it, we met at the light and the driver shook his fist at me, cursing me in anger. I raised my hand, acknowledging fault. Instantly, the anger became a broad (and, I believe, genuine) smile of friendship. This kind of instant transformation is common.

Public Services

When I was in Johannesburg in January 1986, the mammoth Johannesburg General Hospital was for whites only. "Jo'burg Gen" was very impressive. The nursing staff was white, as were the medical and administrative staffs. It was clean and well-run. The previous white hospital, near the city center, served blacks.

What has happened under the "new dispensation?" Conditions have deteriorated dramatically. Patient infection rates have skyrocketed and theft of supplies is rampant. Discipline among the nearly all-black nursing and maintenance staff is virtually nonexistent—they simply will not work. Patients sometimes go without clean sheets. A rabbi friend, a chaplain at Jo'burg Gen, says it is not uncommon now for patients to die because of nurses' incompetence and indifference. I have seen for myself that cockroaches have untrammeled right of access.

There was recently a call by the Minister of Health, a black woman, for entering classes of medical students to reflect demographics—for 76 percent to be black regardless of merit. From a black standpoint, this makes perfect sense. Western medicine is, to Africans, the white man's witchcraft rather than a disciplined body of knowledge and practices. Blacks think of a medical "degree" as a *magic talisman* with which they can heal the sick and become wealthy and powerful. Since this piece of paper in and of itself has the power to heal, it doesn't matter how you get it; it certainly doesn't

matter what abilities or aptitudes you may have or what, if anything, you have learned in order to get it.

Was the old system of segregated hospitals justified? Needless to say, the vast majority of Americans would find the idea morally indefensible, but after 12 years in black countries it struck me as the merest common sense. Considering the demographics of South Africa—five million whites and over 30 million blacks—was it possible for the minority to provide medical care for blacks equal in quality to what they provided for themselves? Given that all the resources, aside from manual labor, would have to come from this small white minority, it seems obvious that it was not.

Moreover, it is not clear that whites were under any obligation—even ideally—to do so. If they had somehow prevented blacks from developing their own health care systems, that would be a different matter. But it is obvious this was not the case, since where blacks have all the resources they need (as in Nigeria, for example), medical care is a nightmare, as it is wherever blacks are responsible for providing it.

It might be argued, however, that whites had an obligation to provide at least some care for blacks, perhaps the best whites could afford. But this is basically what they did, either in separate hospitals or in separate sections of white hospitals. I have seen some of these, prior to 1990, and they were vastly superior to anything you would find in black Africa.

The relevant analogy is of a wealthy man with a good-for-nothing brother with indigent children. Does he have an obligation to help them? Perhaps. Does he have an obligation to see that they are as well off as his own children? I don't think so. The guiding principle here is beggars can't be choosers. Given their useless father, his children simply have to accept whatever their uncle chooses to give them and be grateful for it.

Similarly, if blacks were capable of providing decent health care they would have long ago been doing so, as have the Indians in South Africa, despite being subject to levels of discrimination almost equal to those of blacks. But their utter failure to do so anywhere in the world suggests that blacks are incapable of it. Therefore, since whites are providing the health care, it is surely up to them if they wish to keep the facilities separate.

The same reasoning applies to Western donor and African beggar nations: The West may give out of self-interest or out of charity, but it is not obliged to give any more than it sees fit, and any attempt to browbeat it into

doing more—or even, in some truly ludicrous situations, trying to dictate the conditions of aid—is only an attempt by African leaders to manipulate (unjustified) white guilt. This era, one hopes, is drawing to a close.

In an extraordinary example of a remnant of that mentality, Nelson Mandela recently told international investors that industrialized countries "owe us that support, not as a question of charity, but because we are entitled to it. Our region was subjected to the most brutal form of exploitation in the colonial era which robbed us of our resources." Even a few blacks can see the breathtaking chutzpah of such a remark. One had this to say in a letter to the editor of the *Johannesburg Star*:

> President Mandela's statement that the southern African region has been subjected to 'the most brutal form of exploitation' by the industrialized nations must not go unchallenged. Every piece of technology that exists here was brought in by the developed nations….
>
> Westerners established and developed infrastructure, industry and administrative controls, all of which are, ultimately, for the benefit of all Africa's people….
>
> The industrialized nations owe us nothing. To say that they are morally obliged to invest in our shaky region is preposterous. Without them the riches of Southern Africa would never have been discovered, and could never have been turned into wealth.

Separate schooling had the same rationale as separate hospitals. If blacks were capable of establishing an educational system they would have done so—as have the Indians. Most blacks are capable of some learning and some as much as any white, and the task of educating them was undertaken by the Afrikaner government with the help of missionaries. Just how many blacks received such a basic education I do not know, but I do know that the black schools under apartheid were infinitely better than the general chaos and mayhem that passes for "black education" now.

Nevertheless, the official bogeyman has long been "segregation." No one ever seems to point out that demographically "integration" is a nonstarter, since there are not enough whites to go around. The underlying assumption is that whites are so superior that a mere handful of them in each class will transform the travesty that is black education! (Americans thought something roughly similar back in the 1950s.) Many blacks think

the reason whites are educated and they are not is that whites have a secret formula they use to educate themselves, which they selfishly refuse to divulge to blacks!

It is often asserted here that blacks do less well because less money is spent on them. Evidence from the United States has consistently shown that this is not the case. More money has had very little effect on the performance of black students in Washington, DC, Kansas City, and any number of other cities. The Afrikaners' assumption (including that of the architect of apartheid, Hendrik Verwoerd) that money spent on education must match the ability of its recipients to absorb it may have been substantially correct.

Within a few years most government schools will be overwhelmingly black, replicating the conditions in the townships. As in the United States, affluent whites will go to private schools and only the poorest will attend government schools. South Africa is thus becoming an unattractive place for middle and lower class whites, who are the very people with virtually no chance of leaving.

Universities face similar problems. Witswatersrand University ("Wits"), in Johannesburg, has traditionally been the leading university in South Africa, and deservedly so. But the push, for at least the last ten years, has been to turn it into an African university, that is to say, one with no standards, very little teaching, no significant research, and that issues meaningless paper degrees. The paradox is striking. Blacks go to Wits *because it is white*. Yet these same students (or at least a very vocal minority among them) and the black government are doing their best to turn white universities black, which they cannot fail to know means their ruin. Indeed, one suspects that it is the very contrast between white success and black failure that they wish to eliminate.

It is apparent that the ANC is intent on acquiring power at every level and exercising it without restraint. One strategy is to create mega-municipalities incorporating all surrounding cities and towns. Greater Johannesburg, for example, has large areas that are still predominantly white. If they stayed independent they would retain power and influence. Therefore, the ANC has transformed the area into four huge municipalities, each having a large ANC majority.

One such prosperous white area is Randburg. Until recently it had excellent emergency services, but since amalgamation with the large black

township of Alexandra, it has been unable to provide its usual level of ambulance service both to itself and to the much more populous township. Combined with the newly-introduced presence of black bureaucrats, the predictable result is that neither Alexandra *nor* Randburg now have proper emergency services.

One of the few relatively bright spots in South Africa is the white-run press. It has retained most of the independence and freedom it enjoyed under apartheid. When I first arrived here I was surprised to find the press full of indignation directed against the white government. "This is oppression?" I thought to myself.

The most prominent critic of the old regime was probably *The Weekly Mail*. Left-wing and very ideological, it left no stone unturned in attacking apartheid and white rule. Now that it has achieved its aim, it doesn't much like what it got, but to its credit, has been uncovering corruption on a stupendous scale. Such publications must be having some kind of restraining effect on the government, though only time will tell how long they will be tolerated. Interestingly—and as an indication of the status whites have retained—black journalists who report on corruption are severely rebuked by the authorities, who accuse them of being whites' lackeys, etc.

A second bright spot, also a holdover from the previous regime, is the mostly still-white judiciary, which retains an independence that is virtually unheard of in black Africa. Gradual replacement by more compliant black judges—who won't understand that a court *can* go against the government—will eventually end this check on government power.

Perhaps the single most important constraint on the ANC government so far has been the influence of international corporations. Nelson Mandela has been told, in no uncertain terms, that if he wants foreign investment he had better forget about nationalization, keep government spending down, control labor unions' wage demands etc., all of which are contrary to the ANC's natural tendencies, which are to see government as a bottomless trough from which all can feed. The government is the natural ideological ally of the socialist- and communist-led Confederation of South African Trade Unions (COSATU). COSATU has already pressured it into accepting a labor bill highly favorable to workers and unfavorable to employers, as well as affirmative action laws that virtually force businesses to increase black employment at all levels.

In this ideological tug-of-war between labor interests and overseas investors, there seems little doubt that the wrong side will eventually win, though this probably spells doom for the South African economy. Should that not influence President Mandela and his chosen successor, Thabo Mbeki? Unfortunately, it will not. The country and its black majority may become dirt poor, but high-ranking government officials are unlikely to suffer. Africa is full of countries where the people starve and the leaders drive Mercedes.

White Attitudes

There is unquestionably great uneasiness among whites. Many are leaving and many more are thinking of leaving. Accurate figures are difficult to come by because many migrants simply go on a "visit" and never return, but the number who would leave if they could must be considerable, especially among those with school-age children. Black rule plus draconian affirmative action make many whites feel there is no future for them.

One also hears more and more about black disaffection. I know a young "street-wise" black woman who always seems to know the "township scuttlebutt." Around the time of the 1994 elections, she was spouting the usual rhetoric: Whites had stolen their country and now they were going to get it back. Four short years later, with none of the grandiose promises fulfilled, her tune has changed: "Oh, it's these foreigners who are causing all the problems!" Who are these foreigners? Black immigrants from neighboring countries. They are the cause of all the crime, are taking all the jobs away from South African blacks. And so on. The solution? "When the [white] National Party comes back into power they will throw all these foreigners out!"

My own view is that South Africa will gradually sink towards the level of the rest of the continent, though it is unlikely to reach the same depths, given a continuing white presence. Black disaffection with black rule is to be expected as is the case throughout black Africa.

But South Africa, due to liberal ideological influence, is a bit like America, where blacks systematically vote for blacks no matter what. South Africa stuck to this mold when it elected an ANC government in 1994 by a nearly two-thirds majority. I once thought that disappointment with black

rule might lead to a black backlash by the 1999 national elections, but I have been largely disabused of that idea. If blacks had the sense to vote against the current government they would not have elected it in the first place.

Nevertheless, as I say, I hear repeated stories about blacks lamenting present conditions. A Romanian woman who supervises 60 black workers says that all she hears is how bad the government is, how much better the white government was, etc. So one cannot completely rule out increasing numbers of blacks voting for whites, in spite of the numerous factors militating against this. After all, the colored (mixed race) majority in Western Cape Province has twice elected a white provincial government, which is an example of nonwhites voting for whites.

One thing that counts against this exercise in common sense is black superstitiousness—they readily believe that others can "see" who they are voting for inside the booth—which makes them easy to intimidate. My "scuttlebutt" informant recently confirmed, unprompted and with eyewitness testimony, what I had heard during the 1994 elections: that blacks were constantly threatened that if they didn't vote ANC their houses would be burned down, etc., implying that "someone" would know—by magic—how they voted. Add to this the typical black awe of authority and you get easy manipulability.

The almost limitless credulity of blacks means that many will be suckered into believing that a black government will make them rich—that they will own the houses, factories and farms of their employers. This is associated with the common black failure to understand the nature of wealth creation: To them it is just sitting there waiting to be taken, not something that requires sacrifice, hard work, discipline and foresight. All of this explains why blacks vote for blacks.

Yet in the past four years they have seen that dreams of sudden wealth were chimeras. More important, the vast majority don't understand how an election works. It would therefore not be surprising if, with the awareness that miracles did not occur the last time, masses of blacks simply lose all interest in the electoral process and do not vote at all, thus proportionately increasing the power of the white electorate.

The 1994 election was widely hailed as a "miracle" simply because it took place, though views differed as to just what was miraculous about it. Outside the country, self-righteous commentators seemed to think natural

laws must have been suspended in order for the wicked white regime to hand over power to blacks—but this process had been set in motion years before, and would have been nearly impossible to turn back. Within South Africa, the "miracle" was that there had not been riots or even full-scale civil war between Zulus and the largely-Xhosa ANC. But blacks had no reason to riot; they were getting everything they wanted. In any case, the election was covered by nearly every media organization in the world, and even unsophisticated blacks had some notion that something important was going on. For the 1999 elections, there will be nothing like the media hype there was for the last one, and this too should reduce the black turnout, giving whites more influence.

On the other hand, white political parties cannot campaign in the townships. All attempts so far to hold public rallies have been disrupted. I suspect the reason for this is that the ANC elite at some level shares my view that if ordinary South African blacks are left to their own devices—and to the extent that they are free from Western ideological influence (as I believe many are)—a large number would indeed vote for whites. One way to prevent this is not to let white politicians anywhere near them. A similar fear most likely explains why President Daniel Arap Moi of Kenya prevented the registration of the Sarafina party, headed by the formidable figure of Richard Leakey (of the famous family of anthropologists), who otherwise might have won an embarrassingly large number of votes.

South Africa has sophisticated opinion polling techniques. If the ANC were going to lose an election it would be known in advance. What would a black government do? Not a single person I've asked, black or white, has ever differed in his answer: The ANC would cancel the election and declare some kind of one-party/military government. In that case, South Africa's decline could be sudden rather than gradual.

I have independent confirmation of my view that when blacks are not encumbered by Western liberal-egalitarian dogma they are happy to vote for whites. Blacks are a large majority of the Brazilian state of Bahia, but they consistently elect white governments. Therefore, I would not totally rule out blacks here doing the same if they had the chance. Whether the ideological brainwashing—which is by no means as widespread in South Africa as in the U.S.—can be overcome is an open question, but it seems to me that the "loyalty" on which ANC rule is based is a house of cards. Given the

extremely volatile and unstable African temperament, the possible outcomes are not nearly as predictable as many are likely to assume.

South Africa should, of course, be a lesson for America. Both countries are making the same mistake, which is to assume that there is no such thing as racial differences. It is this mistaken assumption that prevents recognition of the fundamental paradox of black-white relations. Blacks want to live in white neighborhoods, go to white schools and hospitals *because they are white*. Yet these objects of their desire will remain desirable and superior only as long as they remain white. A few blacks can live in a white neighborhood or go to a white school without seriously affecting it, but as soon as their numbers approach predominance, the very things that made the blacks want to go there cease to exist and blacks find themselves in the very situation they sought to flee: black slums, broken-down black schools, hell-hole hospitals, etc.

Blacks can enter into these white structures only if their numbers are controlled; but that is impossible so long as everyone assumes that the very idea of fundamental racial differences is somehow shameful and morally abhorrent. To bring about any real racial progress this assumption must be irrefutably—and, most of all, publicly—shown to be the profound and pernicious fallacy that it is.

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Back Cover

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